THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXVII—No 1000

JANUARY 31, 1923

Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper

OUR THOUSANDTH NUMBER—SPECIAL FEATURES

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6

Also 50's & 100's.

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

2/2 per 2oz.

In enamelled pocket tins.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.

Ask your dealer to show you shirts made from

Horrockses'

FAST COLOR SHIRTINGS

FAST TO SUN AND WASH. REPLACED IF COLOR FADES

HORROCKSES FAST COLORS

THIS TAB ON A SHIRT GUARANTEES THE QUALITY

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SOUTHSEA.

Famous for Comfort, Cuisine, Excellent Wines and Moderate Charges. Lift. Night Porter.

Book to Portsmouth Town Station.

Telephone: 2051 *Portsmouth.*

MISS F. M. READING, *Manageress.*

Has the weather made your skin tender?

Trade **Vaseline** Mark

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ALLAYS THE IRRITATION AND PROTECTS THE COMPLEXION.

Your nearest chemist will supply.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COY., CONS., WILLESDEN, LONDON, N.W.10.

Made by Hand, One at a Time.

555 *Virginia.*

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444 *Turkish.*

FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS.

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SPECIAL NEW BARGAIN CATALOGUE NOW READY, telling of thousands of characteristic Jelks' Bargains.

The huge showrooms are stocked to the full with endless variety of really good furniture, fit to adorn the best homes in the land.

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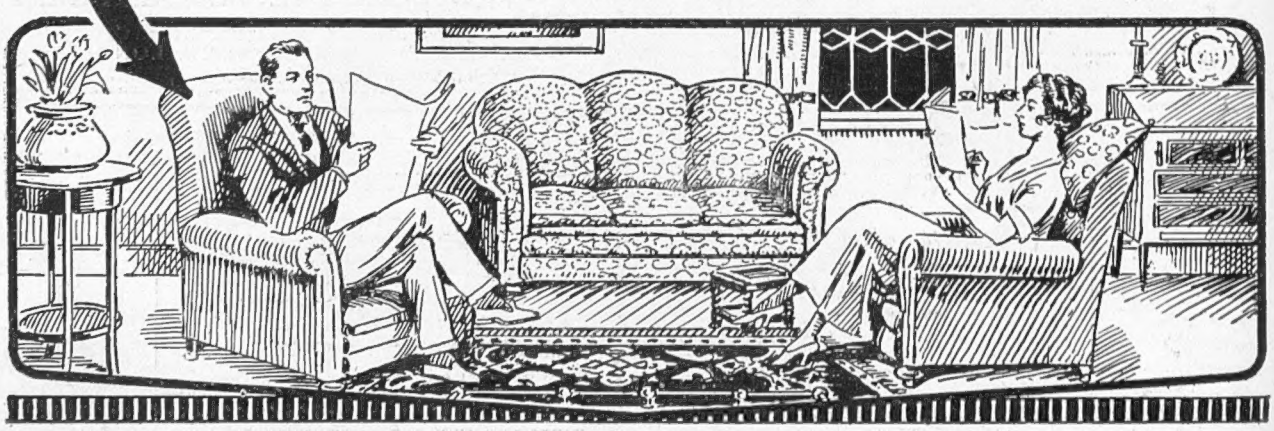
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, HOLLOWAY RD., LONDON, N.7.

REMOVALS by Motor Pantechnicons to all parts of the country.

(ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS) **Depositories - - 2 to 16, EDEN GROVE (adjoining).**

ESTIMATES GLADLY FURNISHED. *'Phones: North 2598 and 2599. Tels.: "Jellico, Phone, London."*



Miss Annette Benson in her "L.B." Felt. *Photo by Arbuthnot*

Model 724.

Made in various fittings, in a good range of "habit" colours.

Soft Felt Riding Hat, extra stout weight, silk lined throughout - - - **42/-**

Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON

RICH CRÊPE DE CHINE

CAMI-KNICKERS

AT SPECIAL PRICES

This dainty garment is an exact copy of a French model, and is made by our own workers from rich quality crêpe de Chine, and is suitable for day or evening wear.

NEW CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch) in rich quality crêpe de Chine, long waisted bodice, new shaped skirt trimmed with fine lace and insertion to match, finished hemstitching and ribbon shoulder straps. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Mauve, Champagne, Coral, Jade, and Black.

PRICE **39/6**

In pure silk georgette. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Mauve, Champagne, Coral, Jade, and Black. **45/9**

DAINTY BOUDOIR CAP of silver lace and georgette, finished with silk rosebuds to match. **25/9**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW KNITTED FROCKS FOR EARLY SPRING AT SPECIALLY MARKED PRICES

Knitted Woollen Frock, *(as sketch) an attractive yet practical model, made from super quality yarn with stripes of artificial silk in side panels with edges of silk braid; wide sash of Artificial Silk.*

In a wide range of new season's colours.

PRICE
84/-

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

les Oiseaux

A powder so very close adhering that it appears to be a natural part of the complexion.

Supplied in metal Caskets at 5/- in Fleurs d'Amour, Souvenir de la Cour, Psyka, or Violette Merveille, by all Chemists, Drapers, Hairdressers and Stores.

Send 1/- P.O. for Dainty Sample Box of Specialities to Roger & Gallet (London) Ltd., 14, Poland Street, W.1.

Roger & Gallet
PARIS

Two Models which challenge attention!

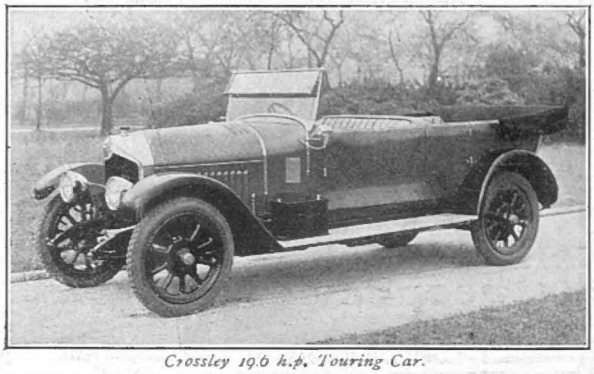
Crossley

19·6 h.p.	12/14 h.p.
Five-seater Touring Car, complete with all-weather side curtains.	Four or two-seater Touring Car, complete with all-weather side curtains.
£795	£475

Prices of other types of bodies on request.

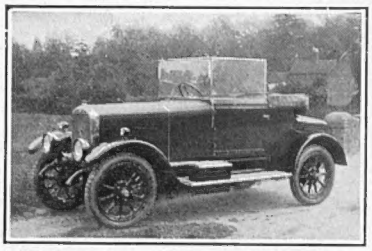
Ask also for details of the Crossley 20/70 h.p. Sports model, with a guaranteed speed of 75 miles per hour on Brooklands Track.

CROSSLEY MOTORS, Ltd., MANCHESTER.
London Showroom and Export Dept.,
40-41, CONDUIT STREET, W.1.



Crossley 19.6 h.p. Touring Car.

Have you seen the new Hillman?



The 11 h.p. Hillman All-Weather Two-Seater, £430.

11 h.p. All-Weather Two-Seater ..	£430
11 h.p. All-Weather Four-Seater ..	£450
11 h.p. Coupé Two-Seater	£495
11 h.p. Coupé Four-Seater	£530

¶ **Extract from "Bystander," 1st November, 1922.**—"I found one of the neatest four-seaters to be seen in the exhibition on an 11 h.p. Hillman chassis. Famous for its turn of speed by having a well-balanced engine, this latest Hillman has a touring body that provides not only adequate comfort in the two bucket seats in front, but equal protection for the two passengers in the back seat. This is managed by an ingenious type of side windows, that, when not required with the hood up or down, form a vee-fronted back screen. They are quite rigid in this position equally as when utilised as side windows, so that a rather novel double-purpose effect is obtained by a single fitment."

Specification and full particulars from :—

The Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., Coventry.

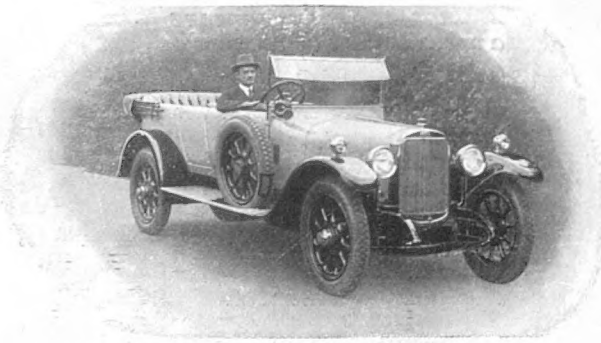
London & Home Counties Distributors:
Messrs. Coppen, Allan & Co., 143, Great Portland St., W.1

The Guaranteed Car

Hillman

H.P.

THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM
16/40 h.p. 4-cyl. Model



16/40 H.P. 5-Seater Touring Model, £895.

With Sunbeam side curtain equipment, giving perfect protection against bad weather.

Opinion of a Satisfied Owner.

" . . . I have just completed 15,000 miles without an involuntary stop, and never yet had the engine taken down, the valves ground, the clutch adjusted, or collan oil put on the clutch leather, nor had I to touch a nut or sparking plug (the original plugs are still in use) and my 'SUNBEAM' is running absolutely as well as ever. I think this forms a unique record, I am simply charmed with the car, and hence my letting you know of its marvellons performance."
W.A.

OTHER MODELS
14 h.p. and 24/60 h.p.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

WOLVERHAMPTON *Head Office & Works* - - - - - Moorfield Works.
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MANCHESTER - - *Showrooms* - - - - - - - 106, Deansgate.
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BY APPOINTMENT SINCE 1848

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

The
SCOTCH WHISKY
supplied to all the
ROYAL PALACES
for over 70 Years

JOHN BEGG Ltd. 64 WATERLOO ST. GLASGOW 106 FENCHURCH ST. LONDON E.C.3

"La Naturelle"

Transformation

The Symbol of Perfection

LA NATURELLE has no superior throughout the world, therefore avoid disappointment by always wearing this unique Transformation that has made perfection of coiffure possible to every woman.

TOUPET from **5** *Guineas.*

FULL TRANSFORMATION, from **12** *Guineas.*

(The "Times" system of instalments is available.)

Write for Catalogue de Luxe, send for Appro. Selection, or call and interview Mons. Georges, The Pioneer of the Natural Parting, who has no superior in the Art of Producing Natural Transformations.

Telephones:
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Maison Georges
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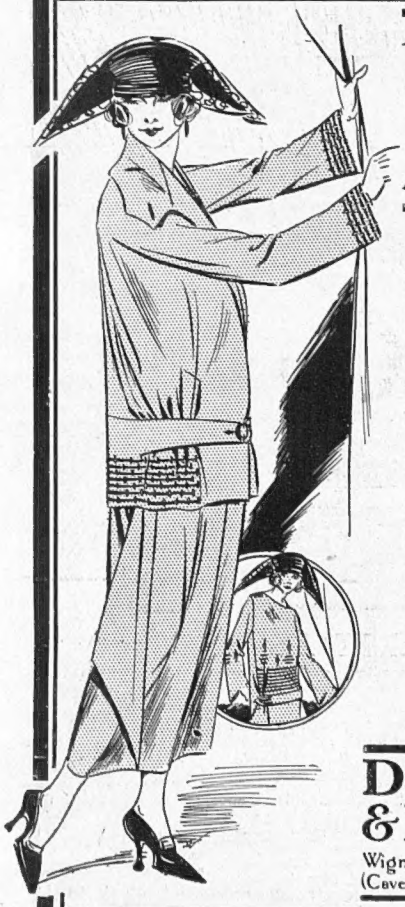
NEW SPRING TAILOR MADE

THREE-PIECE SUITS

IN REPP CLOTH



A new feature in our Spring collection is the introduction of Tailor-Made Three-Piece Suits. These Three-Piece Suits, including the bodice, which is made of the same material as the coats and skirts, are attractively cut, men tailored, and are most suitable for early Spring wear. The repp cloth from which the garment illustrated is made is a finely-woven material particularly suitable for tailor-made garments, and is stocked in a good range of Spring colours.

THREE-PIECE SUIT in fine quality gabardine or repp cloth; well-cut tailor-made frock with attractive bodice as sketch inset, having new sleeve, low waist, and finished with braid and embroidery in contrasting colour; well-tailored coat finished with low waistband and cuffs, and flounce with braid and embroidery to match bodice lined throughout with figured novelty crepe de Chine. In Navy, Black, Nigger, Fawn, and Grey.

PRICE, COMPLETE
13½ Gns.

Debenham & Freebody
(LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

ELIZABETH,
Ltd.,
45, South Molton St.,
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Special Coloured Designs for Bridesmaids and Pages executed by our own Artist to customers' own suggestions.

Moderate Prices.

Yardley's
Old English Lavender Soap

In every part of the World where people of taste and refinement are found, there will be found Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap.

Its exquisite purity and delicious fragrance make an irresistible appeal to cultivated people everywhere.

Box of **3** large tablets **3/6**.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from

YARDLEY, 8, New Bond Street, London.

An Exquisite Pipe Tobacco.

1/3½ per oz. packet

2/7 per 2 oz. packet

5/2 per ¼ lb. tin

STOCKED BY ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS & STORES

GOLD BLOCK
FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG

Manufactured by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., under contract with Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., successors to D. Ritchie & Co., Montreal.

G.B.4

Over 2000 Installations Erected and 1,500,000 Lights in Daily Use on the D&G System

A recent Installation. Impington Hall, Cambridge. Property of A. G. Morey Weale, Esq.

Established in 1886 by engineers with five years' previous experience, the Company has unique information regarding equipment designed to meet all working requirements in

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER INSTALLATIONS

Evidence that the D. & G. System is the cheapest and most reliable in the long run, can be verified by sending for a copy of our latest booklet.

Estimates and schemes for new equipments and modernising existing plants free of charge.

WRITE "ENGINEERS DEPT."

DRAKE & GORHAM, LTD.,

36, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.
68, Gordon Street, Glasgow.
29, Piccadilly, Manchester.
63, Victoria Street, Belfast.

The Bystander, January 31, 1923 No. 1000. Vol. LXXVII.

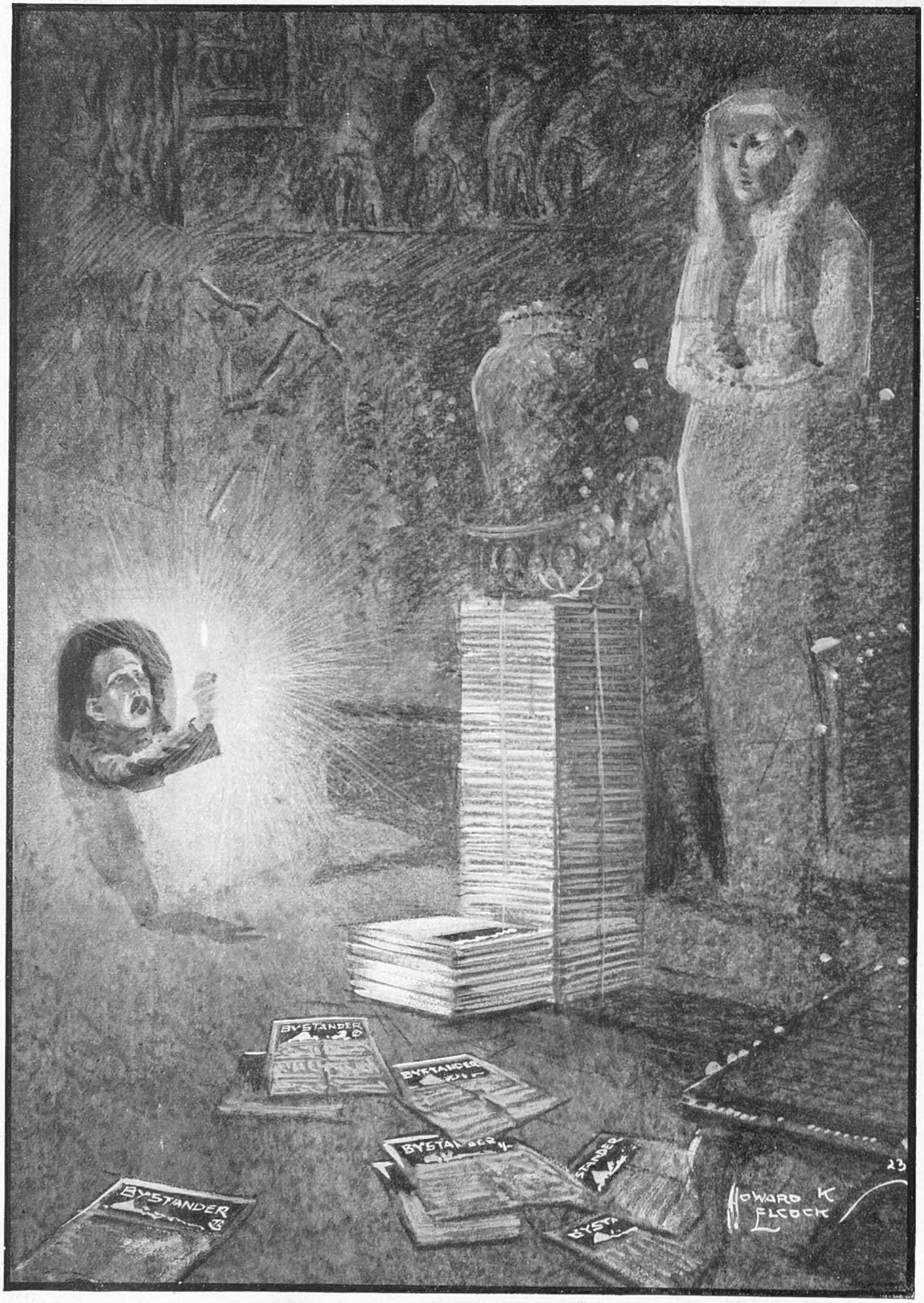
The BYSTANDER

Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for THE BYSTANDER

LADY SWAYTHLING

Wife of Lord Swaythling, the head of the famous banking house of Samuel Montagu and Co. She is an ardent tennis player and an equally ardent worker, and is said to serve on more committees than any other woman in London

This is "Tomb" Much!—[Ed.]



BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

The rumour that a complete set of "Bystanders," from the very first number, has been found in The Valley of The Kings, has caused much comment on the interest taken by Mrs. Tutankh-Amen (née Akhnaton) in current events

A Thousand Weeks Ago

By Reginald Arkell.

And so the British nation needs
A tale for him who runs or reads;
A history of splendid deeds
A thousand weeks ago!
When London and Laplander
First hailed the baby Bystander
A thousand weeks ago!

The daily dread of going broke
Did not await us when we woke;
The income tax was just a joke
A thousand weeks ago;
We paid our rent when it was due,
And sometimes paid our tailor, too,
A thousand weeks ago.

The Germans hadn't tried to win
The world that we are living in.
The jolly War did not begin
A thousand weeks ago;
Peace brooded o'er our native land—
A *peaceful* Peace, you understand,
A thousand weeks ago.

The wine we drank was just as nice—
Although it sold at half the price,
And drinking wasn't thought a vice
A thousand weeks ago.
A man could have his glass of beer
And Stiggins didn't interfere
A thousand weeks ago.

Sir Henry Irving trod the stage,
And Herbert Tree was all the rage;
The Duke of York was not engaged
A thousand weeks ago;
And Devonshire House had not been sold,
But Old Odell was just as old
A thousand weeks ago.

A Sunday drink was not a sin;
We didn't long to "listen-in";
Poor Tishy hadn't failed to win
A thousand weeks ago;
And Mrs. Asquith hadn't sold
The Secrets everybody told
A thousand weeks ago.

Life, in those distant pre-War days
Was different in many ways,
And cheaper everybody says—
A thousand weeks ago;
But aeroplanes had hardly flown
And our Old Bill was *quite* unknown
A thousand weeks ago.

The cinema was just a toy
And Charlie Chaplin but a boy;
Miss Mary Pickford—mother's joy!
A thousand weeks ago;
But, stranger still, and best of all
The Palace was a music-hall
A thousand weeks ago.

Heigho! How this old world hath spun!
Think of the things that we have done
Since first we printed Number One,
A thousand weeks ago!
Since London and Laplander
First hailed the baby Bystander
A thousand weeks ago!

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED LEETE

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
HERSCHEL HENLERE, CATHLEEN NESBITT & KEBLE HOWARD, THE HAWAIIAN SEXTETTE, THE ARNAUT BROS., STANLEY LOGAN & MABEL GREEN, Etc.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645 & 8886). THE ISLAND KING.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATS., WEDS. & SATS. at 2.15.
W. H. BERRY, Nancie Lovat, Dorothy Shale, Louie Pounds, Peter Gawthorne, C. M. Lowne, George Bishop, Alfred Clark.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Phyllis Dare.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). JOSÉ COLLINS
in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
THE LAUGHING LADY.
Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

PRINCE OF WALES. (Ger. 7482).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Mon., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE CO-OPTIMISTS.
(6th New Programme).

BY COMMAND OF HER IRIDESCENCE
TITANIA'S PALACE
The most wonderful Doll's House in the World
NOW ON VIEW AT
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S
Oxford Street *(By kind permission)*
ADMISSION 1/- (including Tax) Children half-price
Proceeds to go to The Infants Hospital, Vincent Sq., Westminster

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You can go in now—
we've got our
PRICE'S
NIGHT LIGHTS
Children sleep more soundly
with a Night Light in the room
PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY LIMITED

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s
Passenger and Freight Services.
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Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St. E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London E.C 3

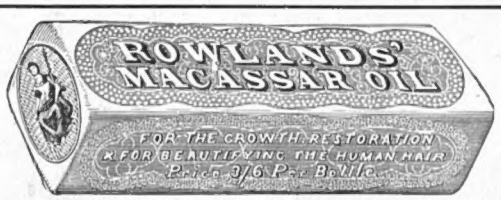
THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free).
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER
Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
Secretary:—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
WHERE pearls are concerned, everything. Because pearls may be offered to you with some name bearing a resemblance to CIRO PEARLS, don't think that the resemblance goes any further. It doesn't. It cannot.

Ciro Pearls
themselves have never been successfully copied, though their name and reputation may be traded upon. In every imitation there is missing the one essential process that has made CIRO PEARLS supreme from the day they first set the fashion for reproduction pearls. Making sure that the pearls you buy are real CIRO PEARLS is to ensure against disappointment and disillusion.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.
On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long with gold clasp, in a dainty box, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7.
New City Branch: 44, Cheapside E.C. 2.



Your Hair will look Better, will be more beautiful, longer and finer by using
ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL
It will keep your Children's Hair always in good condition; Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sizes: **3/6, 7/-, 10/6**

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR
Soothes, Preserves and Beautifies the Skin, prevents Irritation and Cutaneous Defects, and is warranted harmless, in **2/6** and **5/-** bottles. Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLANDS'**, 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1

Made and Printed in Great Britain

"All the World's a Stage"

Milestones

EVERY now and again, as we trudge along the road that leads from the Kindergarten to Kensal Green, we come across a milestone that pulls us up with a jerk. It may be a very personal affair, like a twenty-first birthday or a silver wedding. It may, on the other hand, be a celebration of some other sort, in which we play the parts of interested spectators. Such a milestone is this 1,000th number of THE BYSTANDER.

Your Duty as a Reader

THERE is nothing impersonal to us about this particular milestone, and we can only hope that our readers are in similar case. The editorial staff is supposed to control the destinies of a paper, but it is surprising how much of the duty devolves upon its readers. The Editor is never the autocrat he is supposed to be. Always, he is ready to receive and to act upon the suggestions and criticisms that find their way to his office from interested readers and to shape his course thereby.

Editors in Embryo

EVERY reader is an editor in embryo. Of the many changes that have been made in this paper since its inception quite a number have been the result of kindly suggestions received from every corner of the globe. The pulse of a newspaper office is its postbag. An editor may have been pondering over a particular problem for weeks, and a simple postcard may make the whole matter clear. Letters of appreciation are always pleasant, but one line of constructive criticism is worth a bagful of bouquets.

Not a Bad Record

STANDING by this milestone of our 1,000th number, it is impossible not to be gratified at the growth of our stripling. He finds himself in a very different world to that into which he was born. It has not been a simple matter for him to keep abreast of his times. He has had to acquire many new interests and to scrap many prejudices. He has been tried by the Ordeal of Battle and he has learned to Listen-In. He has torn the secrets from the tomb of Tut-ankh Amen, and he has flown on the winds of the morning. He has straddled the world with a foot on either pole and harnessed the very heavens to carry his messages across the seven seas. It is not a bad record.

A Thousand Weeks Ago

WE start on the long trek towards our 2,000th number with a dwindling number of troubles in our pack. Also, it is possible that we are all the better for our involuntary dip in the Slough of Despond. We may have been just a little sleek and self-satisfied twenty years ago. Our greatest enemy would not accuse us of being that to-day. And so we may assume that we start with one asset that we did not possess a thousand weeks ago.

The Birth of "Old Bill"

IT has never been the policy of THE BYSTANDER to dwell on

past successes, however gratifying, but no glance backward would be complete without a word about the birth of that hardy veteran, "Old Bill," and the way he did his bit in the world war. What reader will ever forget the advent of "The Better 'Ole," or the cheery philosophies of the Arch Optimist who stood with his feet in the mud—and saw the stars? "Old Bill" will live when that other Bill who caused all the trouble has drifted out of the history books into well-merited oblivion.

Modern Music

CURIOUSLY enough, I was reminded of a direction in which we have progressed when I joined a group of modern musicians at dinner the other evening. The affair was arranged in honour of that stalwart pioneer, Edwin Evans—he of the beard—and the guest of the evening was presented with his portrait—complete with beard—done in oils by Wyndham Lewis. I have been "done in oils" myself, but only on the Stock Exchange!

Glad Tidings

DURING the evening, I gathered that our native music has made great strides during the past twenty years. This was a surprise to me, because I had always been told that musical composition died the death with the passing of Sir Arthur Sullivan. However, there they were, scores of lusty young fellows, all with dozens of "Ops" to their credit, and the oration of Eugene Goossens, who handed Evans the picture of his beard and velvet coat, thoroughly confirmed the glad tidings that English music has really come along since THE BYSTANDER was born.

A Nice Girl

A CHARMING correspondent—she *must* be charming—writes to congratulate me on my weekly medley of notes and notions. She says that she can't think how I manage to do it, and volunteers a little assistance in the shape of a paragraph written with her own fair hand. Now this is what I call real co-operation between writer and reader, and I hope it won't stop there. If seven maids with seven pens each sent me a little story, my weekly activities would be greatly reduced. To encourage the others, I shall print this particular paragraph. Here it is:

What She Wrote

To think that when there was a War on we grumbled because we had too much canned beef, and yet the diet was good enough for a Pharaoh! Forty receptacles containing "canned beef" have been removed from the tomb of the great King Tutankhamen, and judging from some of the other wonderful things that have been removed from the vault, he must have been a connoisseur—was he not preserved himself!

BY H. H. HARRIS

"LISTENING-IN" IN HOLLAND

"PAPA": "I think I heard a 'concerted movement' somewhere"
LITTLE WILLIE: "It sounds more like a Pastoral to me, Papa! It has a 'Truly Ruhr-al" tone in it"

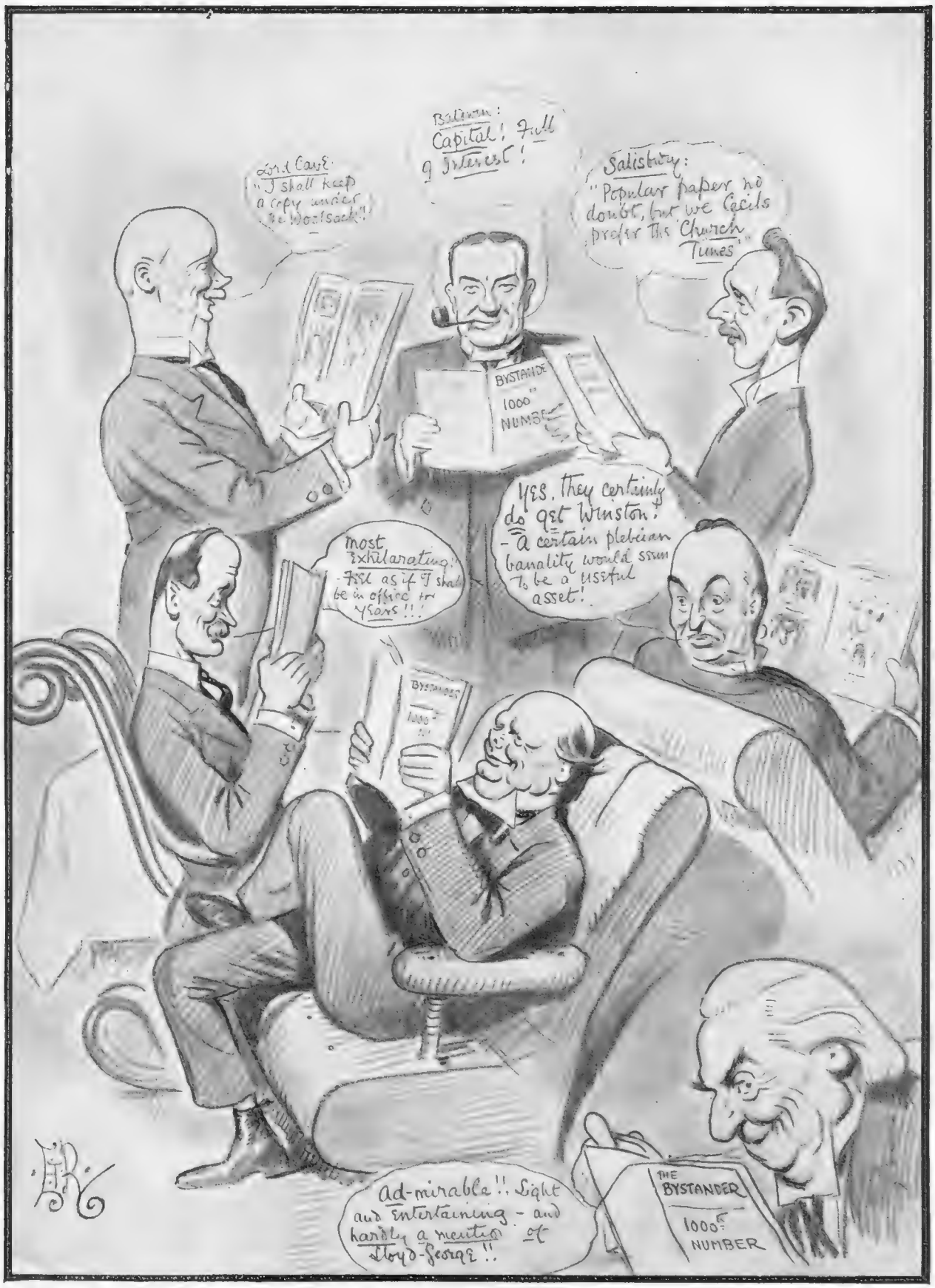
"Dear Old Charlie"

TO-DAY, Sir Charles Hawtrey leaves for a well-deserved holiday on the Continent. I don't wish to encroach upon the preserves of the Society paragraphist, but I *do* wish to draw attention to the remarkable record of this remarkable man. His exuberant performance as Ambrose Applejohn would have exhausted many of our younger actors months ago, but, in addition, he seems to have produced half the successful plays in Town. If he gets as far as Monte Carlo, I hope he will make a pot of money—but not enough to retire on. Fortunately, unlike his royal namesake, he will not lose his head.

Good Golf Stories

HAVE you heard any new and amusing Golf Stories lately? If so, send them along to the Editor. The best effort will be rewarded with a Golf Club (to be selected by the winner) or alternatively (at the wish of the successful competitor) a dozen first-class Golf Balls. Envelopes must be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, and marked "GOLF STORY COMPETITION" in the top left-hand corner. All entries must reach this office on or before Wednesday, Feb. 7. The Editor's decision will be final, and he reserves the right to publish any anecdote sent in. Half a guinea will be paid for any such story published.

A Little Light in the Dark Places



BY E. T. REED

The Very Thing for Politicians—they'll be Deep in it in a Day or Two

Photograph *Topical*

IN OLD SEVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George and Lord Riddell on a visit to the famous old cathedral of Seville. The picture was taken in the historic 16th century chapel, famed for its unique collection of church plate and vestments, among which is the magnificent 12 ft. high monstrance by Juan de Arje. The cathedral is known all the world over for the splendour with which the great festivals are celebrated, and Easter at Seville attracts pilgrims from every country

The 1,000th "Bystander"

THE BYSTANDER has beaten *The Arabian Nights*. They only covered a thousand and one nights: THE BYSTANDER has covered a thousand weeks! And on top of that it looks forward to being the mirror of the happenings of a good many other thousand weeks.

During the thousand weeks of its happy existence you have had a panorama of all that has passed in the worlds where business is business and pleasure and sport are businesses also. Fashion in that time has laid I don't know how many different dictates upon the world feminine. Look through your back numbers, and you will find that THE BYSTANDER is their faithful record.

So, for a thousand weeks, THE BYSTANDER has shown you the garb—or lack of garb—in which she has done her dazzling. And I think this is why I find so many pages from THE BYSTANDER pasted, or stuck with drawing-pins, upon the walls of college sitting-rooms, at Sandhurst, Woolwich, and other places where young men are taught wisdom and tiresome things out of text-books.

They have a pretty taste in pictures, too, in the Navy. Last year I saw a beauteous maiden, torn from our Summer Number, smiling from the iron wall of a cabin on board a destroyer. Six gelatine lozenges held her firmly where the enraptured gaze of her possessor could fall upon her from his bunk. The gelatine lozenges held her facing the porthole, so, as properly befitting her beauty and the taste of the mariner who had chosen her to grace his little cubby-hole all the light that penetrated into it fell direct upon her.

The Ball at Arundel

THERE has never been such a gathering at Arundel Castle in the recollection of even old people as at the ball given by the Duchess of Norfolk for the coming out of her daughter, Lady Rachel Howard. All the big and the little houses in Sussex were packed with people. Lord and Lady Leconfield took so large a party from Petworth that, I believe, even in that great house every bedroom was occupied.

Eight hundred guests danced in the Baron's Hall—one of the most effective of the late Duke's restorations — a record, surely, for a ball in the country? What a change when one thinks of the silence and emptiness of Arundel through the long years when its doors were closed to all hospitality and gaiety!

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *L. N. A.*

LORD RAGLAN AND THE HON. JULIA HAMILTON

Who are engaged to be married. The Hon. Julia Hamilton is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Belhaven, of Wishaw, Lanarkshire, of which county Lord Belhaven is Deputy-Lieutenant. Her fiancé is son of the late Lord Raglan, who was for many years Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man and Under-Secretary of State for War just after the Boer war

Photograph *Sport and General*

A MEET ON THE RHINE

At a recent Inter-Allied stag hunt at Coblentz, just before the advent of a sterner pastime, British, French, Belgian, and Americans took part. Our photograph shows (left to right) Major Peck, General Harts, Mrs. Weeks, General Allen (commanding the American forces which left last week), Col. Jefferies, Lieut. Glasgow, Lieut. Cherry, Lieut. Oxley, Mrs. Talbot, wife of the Master, and Mrs. Creed. We presume the stag was a Hun!

Photograph *Brompton Press*

AFTER THE WEDDING

Lieutenant Ian Honnor Morten, R.N., of H.M.S. "Marlborough," and Miss Vivian May Baker, of Constantinople, leaving the church after their marriage

No one ever bore a tragedy more nobly or more cheerfully than the late Duke of Norfolk. His only child, a son, by his first marriage, was an invalid from birth. The mother—born Lady Flora Abney-Hastings—died when the child was eight, and for fifteen years afterwards the Duke devoted himself to its care. It lived until it was twenty-three, and it was only upon its death that the Duke contemplated a second marriage.

Two years after the death of the invalid Earl of Arundel he married the eldest daughter of Lord Herries (now Baroness Herries in her own right), and when he died in 1917 left one son, the present Duke of Norfolk, who is fifteen, and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Lady Rachel, has now made her *début*.

The Duke of Norfolk is the premier Duke and Earl-Marshal of England, and because of the latter position has hereditary rights in the arrangements for a Coronation at Westminster Abbey.

The Jealousy Complex

A MAN of great wealth, a widower, had an only daughter to whom he was devoted. Whilst she was a little girl he had undertaken the education of the son of a poor cousin. The boy spent all his holidays with his rich relative, and as time passed was regarded by everybody as if he were a son of the house. His wealthy relative certainly treated him as if he was actually his son, putting him into the Army and giving him a handsome allowance. The rich man's daughter and the young man were like brother and sister. One day, out of the blue, the father gave one or other, or both, to understand that it would make him very happy if they married.

I don't know how these things are conveyed, but at any rate both knew his wish—and neither were particularly keen on carrying it out. Pressure may have been brought to bear or, as they were both devoted to the old gentleman, no pressure may have been needed. However, as that may be either way, they were married with the understanding that their home would be with the wife's father just as it had been in the many years before marriage.

But an odd thing happened. After the marriage the two young people became absolutely devoted to one another, a circumstance which appeared to annoy the wife's father so much that after a few months he set them up in a separate house. By some odd kink he was jealous of the happiness he himself had created.

It has ended in this odd old gentleman being unable to bear seeing the young couple together, and the

Photograph *Vandyk*

LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX

One of Princess Mary's intimate friends, whose engagement to Mr. Clare George Vyner, second son of the late Lord Alwyne Compton, was announced last week. Lady Doris is the younger of Lord March's daughters and a grand-daughter of the Duke of Richmond

Photograph *Photo Illust.*

AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

Lieut.-Colonel Cyril Gay, D.S.O., R.A., and his bride, the Hon. Kathleen Robson, eldest daughter of the late Lord Robson. The honeymoon is being spent in the South of France

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE V. W. H. (CRICKLADE) HUNT BALL

Some four hundred guests attended the very successful V. W. H. Ball which was recently held at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester. Our photograph shows: Miss Palmer, Miss Loveday Tupper, Major Cecil Wilson, D.S.O., Mrs. Wilson, Miss Sutton, Mr. Powell, Miss Rhodes, Captain Livenge, Miss Livenge, Col. Fuller, the M. F. H of the V. W. H. Cricklade, Capt. Lionel Sloan Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Heigham, Miss Hicks Beech, and Mrs. Miller.

husband is rarely asked to the father's house. On the other hand, the wife is expected to spend a good deal of her time with her father and help him in his constant entertaining. People *are* odd!

A Really "Interesting Engagement"

So another of Princess Mary's bridesmaids, and one of the little group of her intimate friends, has followed her example. First, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon's engagement was announced, now comes the news that Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, the grand-daughter of the Duke of Richmond, is likewise going to enter the bonds of matrimony.

The bridegroom-to-be, Mr. Clare Vyner, is a relation of Lord Northampton, being the second son of the late Lord Alwyne Compton. His mother was a daughter of the late Mr. Robert Vyner, and added that name to Compton by Royal licence after Lord Alwyne's death. She is Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner, but her second son who also assumed the name of Vyner took it in place of his patronymic Compton. Lady Doris is the younger of Lord March's two daughters, the elder, Lady Amy, having married Captain Stuart Coats, the heir to the Coats baronetage. She and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon are great friends, and it will be interesting to see which will go to the altar first.

Photograph *Yevonde*

THE HON. JOAN DICKSON-POYNDER

Only daughter of Lord and Lady Islington, who was married yesterday to Sir Edward Grigg, Mr. Lloyd George's Private Secretary

Lady Swaythling

Our frontispiece this week is a portrait sketch of Lady Swaythling, one of the most vivid personalities in London Society. Lady Swaythling is a living proof of the saying that the busiest people have the most time. Her hospitalities alone, at Lord Swaythling's country-place, Townhill Park, near Southampton, and at their London house, would occupy the time of most women. But in addition to this, Lady Swaythling is deeply interested in I don't know how many charities and committees, and scarcely a day passes that she does not play tennis; she is a regular player at Queen's when in London. She has a genius for organisation.

At the present moment Lord and Lady Swaythling are on their way to Egypt to see the wonderful finds in the tomb of Tut-ankh Amen; Lord and Lady Carnarvon, I hear, have also returned to mysterious Luxor.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

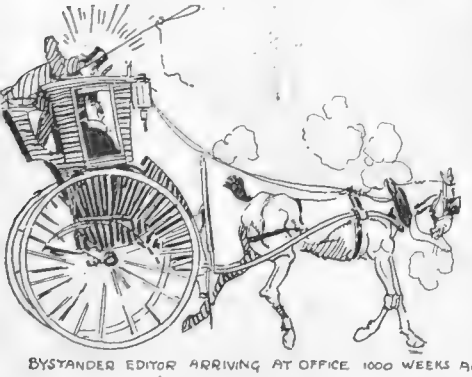
LADY RACHEL FITZALAN-HOWARD

In honour of whose début, her mother, the Duchess of Norfolk, recently gave a ball at Arundel Castle. The ball, which was a brilliant function, was attended by some 900 dancers

Photograph *Sport and General*

UP BETIMES

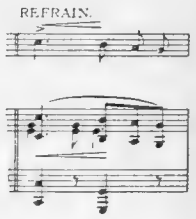
The Duke of Norfolk at the meet of the Cowdray at Hiorne Tower, Arundel Park, after the ball given in his sister's honour at Arundel Castle on the previous night



To Our Readers Abroad

The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of The Bystander in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

In Honour of Our 1000th Number

An Additional Lyric by Reginald Arkell, which will be sung to-night (Tuesday) at the Adelphi by W.H. Berry and Chorus of Etarian Maidens in "The Island King."

HOP: I see the dear old 'Bystander' is flourishing still,

CH: Flourishing still:

HOP: The thousandth number's out to-day—Good luck to Old Bill—

CH: Luck to Old Bill;

HOP: He was a fine old fighting man,
And helped to win the war;
Though we smashed up the lot,
We've none of us got
What Bill was fighting for!

Refrain:

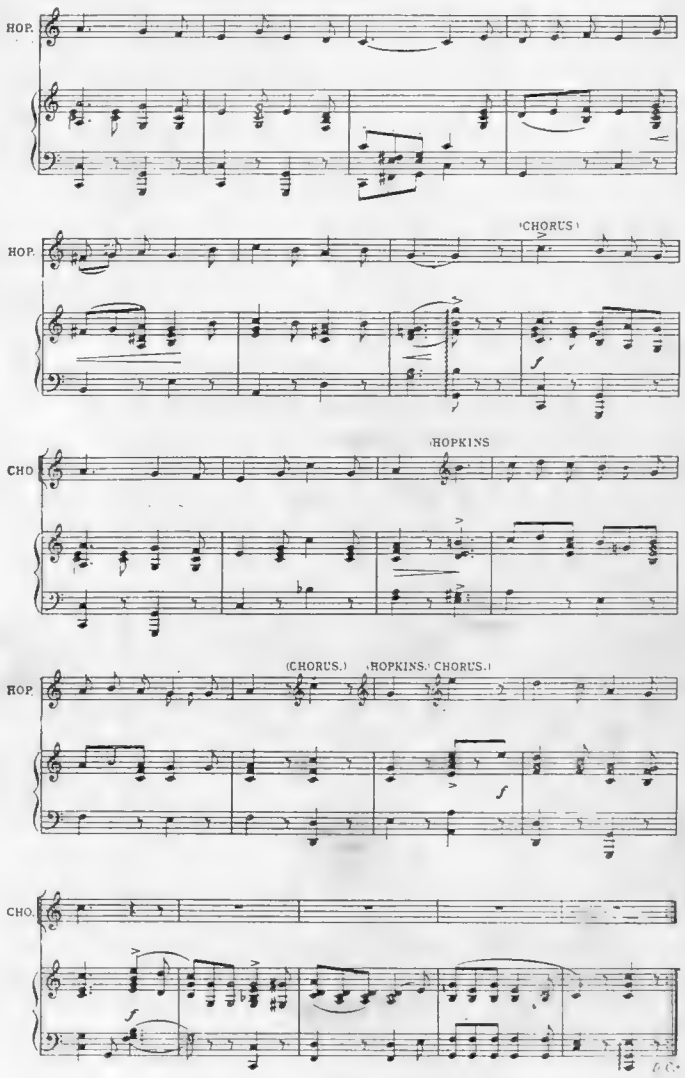
HOP: Old Bill will be singing—
So whoops! we go again!
He's pawning his shirt—
And so is young Bert—
Their labour seems in vain:

CH: Old Bill will be singing
So whoops! we go again!

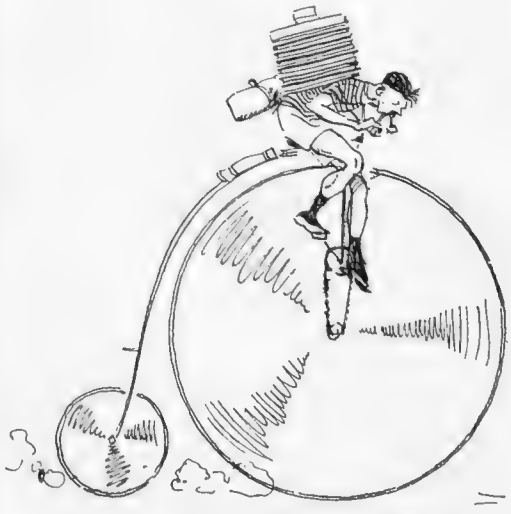
HOP: With his foe he would grapple—
He loved plum and apple—
So Whoops!

CH: Whoops!

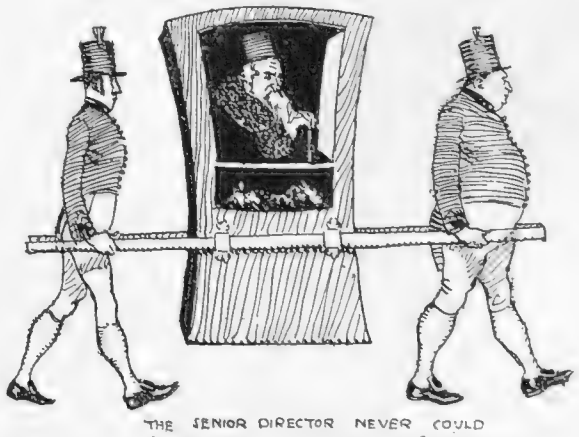
HOP: Whoops!

CH: Whoops! Whoops! we go again!

Music by Harold Garstin.

By permission of Chappell and Co., Ltd. Copyright 1922



OUR LIVE WIRE OF 7000 DAYS GONE BY.



THE SENIOR DIRECTOR NEVER COULD ABIDE THOSE HARUM SCARUM BROUGHAMS.

LAWN TENNIS IN THE SUNSHINE

After a hard game on the courts of the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club. Our photograph shows (left to right) Mrs. Howard, Miss Audrey Meakin, Mrs. F. G. Platter and Mrs. A. Rich. Miss Meakin is Lady Sondes' daughter; Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Platter are sisters of Lady Kavanagh, the wife of Lieut.-General Sir Charles Kavanagh, K.C.M.G.

The Riviera Week by Week

PRINCE LOUIS of Monaco, his daughter — the "Princesse Héréditaire" and her consort — Prince Pierre and their daughter—the Princesse Antoinette—a tiny tot of two—who arrived on January 13 in their ancient kingdom of Monaco, have already the warm affection and interest both of their subjects, and of the international visitors mostly British and American. The Prince is a live wire full of energy and takes his responsibilities seriously. He is half Scotch, too, through his mother, a daughter of a Duke of Hamilton, and was educated in England before entering the Military College of St. Cyr, near Paris. He served in the French Army for ten years, mostly in Morocco, and received his first grade in the Legion of Honour. A captain in his beloved Chasseurs d'Afrique on August 4, 1914, despite his forty-four years, he was at the front as a volunteer for the duration of the War. What a difference for the peasants here from the days of cruel exaction by the old fighting Grimaldis before Lord Brougham discovered Cannes in 1834, or François Blanc Monte Carlo later on when it was an ugly rock—the domain of the olive and the goat, which Arthur Young described in 1792 as an "arid desert—miserable barren rocks and hills—a savage sombre air spread on the whole."

HE was soon on the Staff of the 5th Army as liaison officer, etc. He received "Citation" after "Citation" for valuable and dangerous work. At Butte-au-Bois, at Craonne, at Bois de Beau-Marais, at Chemin de Dames, he finely proved his devotion to France, his courage and his military talent. He was decorated with the Croix de Guerre with the Palme on December 2, 1915, and, in 1918, with the Italian and Belgian Croix de Guerre, and on April 5, 1920, he was made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. He served latterly on important special missions in the Balkans, etc., and left the Army a Général de Brigade. His daughter—though very young—devoted some years during the War to very hard work in American and French hospitals where she was much loved for her charming character. Prince Pierre—a Polignac—one of the old names of France—through his mother is half-American, and has travelled much.

THE LESSON THEY LIKE!

Sarah and Winston Churchill, the children of the ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies (among other things!) at their daily tennis lesson on the courts of the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club

Photographs *Le Noir*

SOME ASPIRANTS FOR THE WARDEN CUP

Some of the players in a jolly little lawn tennis tournament at Cannes. Reading from left to right, our photograph shows—Back row: The Rev. Howard Spear Cole, Dr. A. A. Warden (the donor of the Cup) and Mr. Lemprugh. Front row: Mr. Winthrop Dwight (the runner-up), Monsieur H. Van Cleef, Captain E. Travers, Major Cliffe Vigors (the winner), Monsieur J. Jung and Mr. Glen Walker

MONACO fêtes and illuminations are always worth seeing—thanks to the harbour and the rock of the old pirate stronghold. These days, as in 1914, there are super-fêtes of which memory must always retain

Photograph HARRY PILCER'S PARTNER [*Le Noir*

Miss Winnie Richmond in a dainty pose. With Harry Pilcer she is appearing at the Casino, Cannes, in some wonderful exhibition dances. Their dramatic "Tragedy de Nippon," in a gorgeous Japanese setting with Harry Pilcer in the age-old rôle of jealous lover, is a thing to be seen and remembered

the unique effects produced here by "lights that never were on sea or land." The old keys of the town of Monaco have been handed over to the Prince on a glorious cushion under a wonderful triumphal arch at the entrance to the Palace, quite as in the brave days of old. Every Monégasque has individually taken his oath of fealty. As Auguste Salés puts it "the women have smiled with all their teeth!" There have been music and dancing everywhere, torchlight processions, venetian processions of gondolas lit by red flare lights, and jamborees of all sorts galore.

Photograph *E. Navetto*

FROM CANADA TO CANNES

Colonel Sir Hugh Montagu Allan, Madame de Mallet, and Lady Allan on the courts. Colonel Sir Hugh Allan, who was born in Montreal, is Director of the famous Dominion Steel Corporation Ltd.

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS K. SHIRLEY

A promising golfer in the Mandelieu Club Tournament

SIR HARRY PERRY ROBINSON was dining at the Café de Paris last week with Major and Mrs. Pollitt before leaving in the *Adriatic* for Egypt, where he is to keep the *Times* posted about the unique finds in the tombs of the Kings. Lord Carnarvon, who is going out on the boat also, was dining with Major-General Sir Percy Radcliffe. At the Sporting Club later on, in a group with the Duke of Connaught, Prince George, and Lord French, they were all discussing the Ruhr situation, and I feel pretty sure backing France and Maréchal Foch with all their hearts, like the vast majority of the British Empire, and America.

BEAULIEU and its aristocratic neighbours, on the Cap St. Jean and Cap Ferrar point, is in full season now, and lots going on. Mr. Ridding has opened his private tennis court, and held an invitation Mixed Doubles Tournament with great success. On the 21st, *par exemple*, at the *thé dansant* of the Grand Hotel du Cap Ferrat, were present the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise, Prince George, Countess of Londesborough, Lady Sybil Brassy, Lady Joan Peak, Mrs. Dawnay, Mrs. C. G. Nettleford,

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS JEAN BULLOCK

One of the best players at Hyères this winter

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffry Aspinall. The Royalties and many other notabilities were also in great force at Lord Sandwich's ball on the 22nd. There is undoubtedly more gaiety here now than for many years.

MONTE CARLO had a most amusing "Baby Party" last week at Mrs. Underwood French's Villa da Coasta, when everybody from fifty to fifteen attempted to look five. Sir Cecil Beck as a young—very young—sailor of the Swiss Fleet, and Mrs. Marion Crawford, the wife of the well-known tennis player, in "her party dress," were exceptional successes. Cannes having given neither a "Baby" party nor an "Apache" party is waiting to find the hostess who will give it a "Dustman's Party." Dustbins optional.

If you're on the Riviera,
Or only reading about it,
Don't forget next week's "BYSTANDER"
SPECIAL RIVIERA NUMBER

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE Bridge scribe's handwriting was horrible. He headed his article "Auction Bridge," but the typist rendered it *Suction* Bridge. Not a bad description of some after-dinner games.

. . . . . .

He was as bad at Bridge as at Golf. When he revoked in Spades, his partner said nothing. Next day the same pair were partners in a golf foursome. The revoker took a terrific swipe at his ball, missed it, and cut the turf badly. His partner looked at him more in sorrow than in anger. "Having no Spades, partner?" he asked.

. . . . . .

A correspondent asks me to castigate the very slow player. He considers that "the slow player takes a great liberty, if, without any apology, he keeps three other players waiting for his own convenience." Quite so. But I fear no words of mine will cure him. He is past praying for. The slow player is a card-room nuisance. He is maddening to the quick-witted. The man who fumbles with his cards, sorts his hand through once or twice, pulls out a card, puts it back, and gazes at the ceiling for inspiration, deprives the game of all its pleasure.

The proverb, "slow but sure," does not apply at Bridge. I have never yet met a slow player who was really good at the game.

. . . . . .

Mr. T. W. Powell, of Saint Jean, Cap Ferrat, Alpes Maritimes, writes: "When THE BYSTANDER first appeared, which, I believe, was about twenty years ago, they had a Bridge competition, and I had the pleasure of winning a prize. Since then Bridge has altered. All the same, I am going to have another cut in your competition, as there is always something to learn about the game, and I read with great interest your articles."

. . . . . .

Solution of Actual Play Problem No. II.

(*a*) One Heart. (*b*) Three or four Clubs. (*c*) No. (*d*) One Spade. Don't shoot me because you don't agree with me, and most of you don't! I will explain briefly the reasons of my decision.

(*a*) The holding of the Ace of Spades and King of Diamonds just makes this worth a call of "one Heart." It would be a mistake to pass on it, as some competitors suggest, and a still bigger mistake to bid two or three Hearts on it, as many competitors decide.

(*b*) The state of the score and the peculiar nature of the hand make a "three or even four Clubs" bid desirable. Several competitors who would pass on the first hand, agree with this view. It is not likely to deceive partner who, if he has any support in the other suits, should leave it.

(*c*) Y has good support for the no trumper, and to bid "two Spades," as most competitors suggest, would be a mistake.

(*d*) This is an open question between one Heart and one Spade. But in my opinion "one Spade" is the better initial call. I do not agree with competitors who decide for "two hearts."

Correct Solutions have been received from:—J. Baird, Mrs. F. W. Robinson, and Captain Dixon Green.

. . . . . .

In solving the fourth of the series of six problems in THE BYSTANDER Competition—several hands on which you are to decide the proper bid—you must leave out the human element. All you are asked to decide is the best call on the cards given. Z is the first declarer, A is the opponent on his left, Y is Z's partner, and B is the partner of A.

. . . . . .

The prizes offered are as announced with our former problems of the series. Solutions, marked "Bridge Competition PROBLEM IV," must reach THE BYSTANDER Office on or before February 7th.

ACTUAL PLAY PROBLEMS. No. IV.

Score Love. Z deals and holds:

None.	A, K.
Q, J, 10, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2.	K, 9, 2.

(*a*) What should Z say?

Score "Game All." Z deals and holds:

8, 3.	9, 4.
8, 7.	A, Q, 9 8, 5, 3, 2.

(*b*) What should Z say?

Score "Game All." Z deals and bids "One Heart." A bids "Three Spades." Y holds:

A. 7, 4, 3, 2.	Q. 9, 7, 6, 3.
10.	Q. 10.

(*c*) What should Y say, and why?

Score "Game All." A, B: 16. Y, Z: 0. B deals and says "No." Z: "One No Trumps." A: "Two Spades." Y holds:

9.	K, J. 10.
Q. J. 9, 7.	Q. J. 9, 4, 2.

(*d*) What should Y say?

The Real Secret of Scheherazade

Being a Thousand and One Tales from our Thousand Numbers

A Bouncing Boy

CONGRATULATIONS!

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass

No. VIII.—ANNIHILATING TIME, SPACE AND COMFORT

"I SEE where a young man out in San Francisco spoke over the telephone to his father in London last week, Mawruss," Abe Potash remarked to his partner Morris Perlmutter.

"I suppose he wanted to let the old man know that he wasn't coming home for dinner or something, ain't it?" Morris suggested.

"The newspapers didn't say what the message was, but I understand the toll as a person to person night rate was in the neighbourhood of eighty-one pounds six shillings and ninepence," Abe said. "It took Central nine hours and fifteen minutes to make the connection and six days and twelve hours to calculate the amount of the charge in dollars and cents."

"At that rate, Abe, if the young man said, 'How's Mommer?' right away it cost him ten dollars," Morris observed.

"Well, his father was a wealthy London dry goods merchant, Mawruss, so there really wasn't no financial reason why the young feller shouldn't have asked if it was still raining for $21.75 if he had wanted to," Abe said, "but it only shows how in these days, Mawruss, distance don't figure at all, provided you've got the price. What would our grandfathers have said, for instance, if anyone would tell them that a man could take a party of friends from Miami Florida to Jiminy Island — the nearest and therefore, since Prohibition, the most important British island in the Atlantic Ocean— and the whole trip by flying boat there and back would only consume two hours, eighty dollars, four cases of Scotch, and three hundred quarts of rye."

"Say! For that matter when it comes to annihilating distance, Abe, a neighbour of mine by the name of Harris Elenbogen sat at the radio in his front parlour, and heard a bartender in Havana, Cuba, shaking up a dry Martini as plain as if Harris himself would have been spearing a weeny wurst at the free lunch counter not three feet away," Morris declared. "Harris told me he had to change the focus, or whatever it is they call it, so as to get an earful of Bedtime Setting-up Exercises from JKN in East Orange, N.J., or he would have sobbed aloud."

"Heard a bartender shaking up a Martini on the radio"

For those with $250,000 Incomes

"And what good has it all done, Mawruss?" Abe asked. "When a liar tells you over the long distance 'phone from Dayton, Ohio, that he mailed you a cheque yesterday, and you ought to get it at the latest to-morrow, the fact that you can hear him as plain seven hundred miles away as if he would be in the next room don't save you from having to put the matter in the hands of a collecting agency, and paying an extra 10 per cent. and disbursements before you finally get the cheque some time next fall."

"Well, of course, I ain't opposed to new inventions simply because they're new, y'understand, but at the same time, Abe, while it's very interesting to know that a man can fly by airyo-plane from San Diego to Chicago in twenty-four hours, y'understand, it ain't exactly going to eat into the profits of the Santa Fé Railroad and competing lines when you consider that in order to make the trip by airyo-plane it is necessary sometimes to wait two weeks with the gasoline tank filled and all sandwiches and thermos bottles aboard, until the weather conditions get just right for the trip." Morris said.

"And then, again, Abe, another thing about these here modern inventions which annihilate time and space is that they can be taken advantage of by practically everybody whose income amounts to $250,000 a year and up. All others must still use the railroads, post offices, and telegraph companies, and I don't know that they suffer a whole lot from being obliged to do it, neither."

"Because as a general proposition, Abe," Morris, continued, "anybody who is going anywhere in an automobile at the rate of sixty miles an hour would save himself anyhow a big restaurant bill, including cocktails and wine, by not getting there. It's the same way with a tourist who saves time by taking an airyo-plane from London to Paris instead of the regular cross channel service. Nobody is actually waiting for him

in Paris, except maybe a head-waiter, and even he ain't expecting him personally. Any other tourist who spends his money as freely would do."

How to Save Time in the Opera

"But what's the use of being a tourist if you don't tour, Mawruss! Which when I go to Europe I want to see the English scenery from a railroad car, and the French scenery also," Abe said. "It's part of the pleasure of touring, whereas the English scenery or the French scenery from two thousand feet up in the air looks so much like the Long Island scenery, or the New Jersey scenery, that a tourist might just so well go by airyo-plane from Far Rockaway to Long Branch, and save the price of a steamship ticket across the Atlantic Ocean and back."

"Sure I know, Abe," Morris agreed, "but there is some people which is such nuts on saving time that when they read how a man's life is seventy years, they figure on cutting it down to fifty years, and saving twenty years that way."

"But that ain't saving twenty years, Mawruss," Abe said. "It's doing yourself out of twenty years."

"Well, the tourist who saves time and loses scenery has got that same kind of brains, Abe," Morris declared. "When such a feller goes to the Metropolitan Opera House and pays seven dollars an orchestra seat to hear *Carmen*, Abe, he ain't so much impressed by the music and the story, y'understand, as by the idea that if Wagner, or whoever it was that composed *Carmen*, would have cut out the Toreador Song, and about six more of the best songs in the opera, he could have pretty near saved forty-five minutes on the performance."

"But what do people do with the time they save—for instance—by taking a twenty hour train between New York and Chicago instead of a twenty-six hour train?" Abe asked. "In all probability during the time they have been running them trains, our salesman, Manny Immerglick, must have saved I don't know how many thousand hours that way, and what did he done with them all?"

If They Kept Account of Time

"Well, for one thing they give him several extra deals at pinochle, Abe, after lunch on the day he leaves New York, on account of not having to take the train 'till a quarter to three in the afternoon, y'understand. Then when he arrives in Chicago the next morning at a quarter to ten, Central Time, he's got to go up to the hotel and wash up," Morris explained. "After that he reads his mail, and gets a shave, which brings him to lunch time, and one way or another, Abe, he manages to spend them six hours which he saved by travelling on a twenty hour train in precisely the self-same way as if he spent them riding on a twenty-six hour train."

"And I bet yer that a whole lot of other people don't spend them six hours as profitably as if they would have used them up on a twenty-six hour train," Abe observed.

"Say! If business men kept an account of their time the way they do of their expenses, Abe, a trial balance would quickly show that in crediting himself with fifteen minutes saved by eating a quick lunch instead of at a regular restaurant, he should also debit himself with two hours during which his mind was in conference with his stomach over a bad case of indigestion. As for what American tourists do with the hours they save by taking an airyo-plane from London to Paris, Abe, it would be a whole lot better for their health and their pocket books if they would have devoted the time they saved by the airyo-plane to being innocently seasick on a Channel steamer between Calais and Dover," Morris said.

"But the very latest idea in killing space, time, and peacefulness, Mawruss, is an invention discovered in Berlin, by which a man can have his photograph taken in New York and telegraph it to his relations in Europe so that they will receive the bad news in only a few hours," Abe said.

Will Smells Be Next?

"I'll bet many a poor woman in the Old Country will be opening a telegram in the near future, and falling in a faint on the floor when she sees how the young lady looks that her son is going to marry four thousand miles away in America," Morris said. "Some of them will even pay to have the telegram repeated on account of not believing that the contents have been transmitted as sent—particularly the eyes and nose."

"Well, now that people over in Europe can hear and see their relations in America by telephone and telegraph, I suppose that the only other sense left to send by wire or wireless will be that of smell, ain't it?" Abe commented.

"And I bet yer it is only a matter of a short time, Abe, when they will be able to do that, too, so that a lady in Rome within twenty minutes of her daughter's engagement in America, can hear all about it from the girl herself, and also at the same time get a perfect portrait of her intended son-in-law," Morris said, "including the garlic."

A WISDOM TOOTH By Harry Low

Vicar: "However can you tell them apart, Mrs. Flanagan?"
Mrs. F.: "Well, sorr, I shtick me finger in Micky's mouth, and if he bites me, it's Dennis!"

Seven Thousand Nights—and Days

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

—And quite a few thousands up on Scheherazade's racy little efforts

A Thousand and One Attempts.

BY A CONSTANT CONTRIBUTOR

ALTHOUGH feeling the burden of my years, and eyeing all ceremonial with the jaundiced glance of an old man, who, by virtue of his profession, has become bereft of all illusions, I am galvanised, despite my lumbago, into a state of pleasurable excitement at the realisation that the Proprietors of THE BYSTANDER have steered it, without having to be lashed to the helm, through the shoals and quicksands of competition to this, its thousandth number.

I am also duly appreciative of the fact that they have called upon me in a dual capacity to commemorate the auspicious occasion, firstly, by recording my experiences as their most constant and loyal contributor, and, secondly, by publishing, with a beautiful three-colour process block, my brilliant work, entitled "The Kind of Story Editors Buy and Why" —or "How Harriet Left West Hartlepool."

I feel very strongly that I am the person best fitted to subscribe to the avid interest of the myriad BYSTANDER readers by telling them a few things about the General Staff of Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, E.C.4, because I have offered them something for their sparkling paper every week since there was a BYSTANDER, *and they have never published one of them.* However, a very clever woman once said "the quality of mercy is not strained," and I am inclined to agree with her. Moreover, I have a sickly suspicion lurking about at the back of my inner consciousness that my manuscripts must have been lacking in just that something which causes a harassed Editor to lick his thumb and turn to the second page. I am bound to say I think he missed a *coup* when he turned down my two-thousand-word masterpiece, "How Lloyd George Gets Into His Bath." There was an element of terseness about the way they refused that. I took it up myself and waited in THE BYSTANDER museum at Tallis Street, where all the great humorists of the day look down upon you, sadly, from the walls, to hear what they were prepared to give me for this exclusive information (gleaned, at great risk and expense, from a valet at the Hotel Lapin Cuit, Lausanne), but the snappy reply came back that the Editor supposed Mr. Lloyd George got into his bath in the same way that I should get out of the building if I sent in any more stuff like that, namely, feet first. They must have their little jokes, these Editors, bless them.

Do not let it be supposed for a moment the General Staff have ever been actually unkind to me. On the contrary, they are most punctilious in their courtesy; and prompt, oh! so prompt, in their handling of my manuscripts. I mean I have heard the "plop." of the envelope on the front door mat regularly on the same evening by the same last postal delivery for years and years. Say what you like, they must have got an extremely efficient organisation up there to enable you to ensure getting your copy back at the same hour week after week, year after year, like that. It is wonderful.

And the charming way they put it, too! There is always a little neatly printed note inside telling me that "the Editor regrets that he cannot see his way to use the enclosed, for the offer of which he is much obliged." The phraseology seems to convey the Editor's personal grief in a concrete form. I always feel he has folded the note himself with a stifled sigh, and has licked my large stamped envelope with genuine reluctance—I don't wonder.

Once or twice, when I have gone to their office (at great risk and expense) they have made really flattering remarks. Particularly do I remember when I submitted an intensely dramatic feuilleton, entitled "Claude's Clandestine Courtship," the Editor was good enough to send word to say "he had never read anything like it." They would have published it, I feel convinced, only that they were all very busy just then preparing a special number to celebrate his ninety-first birthday. That was a gorgeous production, you may remember (although it is some years ago), with a beautifully symbolical colour-print of a Beaver on the front cover.

Once I had an actual autographed letter from the Editor himself (I have, naturally, been asked to sell it again and again, and have, as naturally, refused), in which he said that it pained him to tell me that my work was not quite up to By-standard. You know, a man must be a genius who can think of a capital joke like that amid the heat and burden of the day.

The *intelligentia* who read THE BYSTANDER, thinking to trip me up, will say, "How comes it that you have sent in a story once a week ever since THE BYSTANDER was born, and you say you have made a thousand and one attempts? Your mathematics must be as rotten as your manuscripts."

A—ah! but that is where the catch is, dear lay-reader.

There is always a catch somewhere. Don't you find that so?

I have told a thousand and one tales (like they did in the Arabian Nights, only, of course, mine are better); 999 they have sent back. The other one they lost!

It was a brilliant article, too; the best I have ever written. That's the pathos of it. It was called "Capital Punishment for Newspaper Proprietors — Do You Agree?"

But never mind. I harbour no ill-feeling. Far from it; for at *last* I have achieved greatness. I have not had greatness thrust upon me, as it has been upon a certain Assistant-Editor I know. I have been published in full at last with no Editorial cuts or comments, in the thousandth number of THE BYSTANDER.

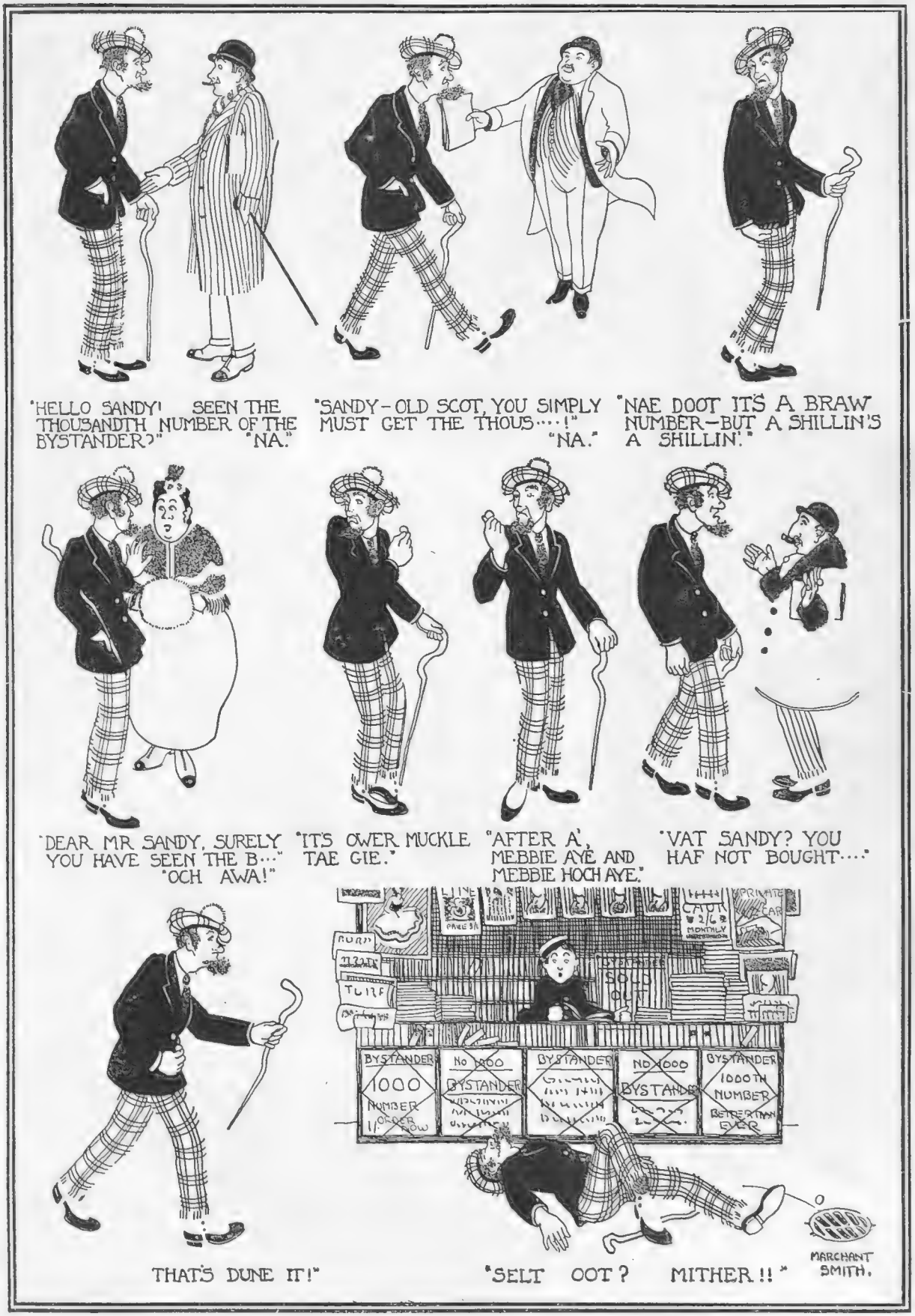
Think of it! The glory, the pride. . . . No, don't think of it. Read it.

"How Harriet Left West Hartlepool"—poor darling!

If you turn to page ——.

[On reconsideration we find this writer's story unfit for publication. —EDITOR.]

The Wee Bit Siller



BY MARCHANT SMITH

THE TRAGIC SIDE OF THE THOUSANDTH ISSUE

Progress Backwards in Paris

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"In the old days they showed their coiffure and concealed their stockings"

MES AMIS—

D'ABORD I have to express the lively regrets that I have not been able to write the letters to THE BYSTANDER when that it has first appeared some twenty years ago. At this occasion the letters which I have been only able to write have been what I think you call the pothooks and the hangers. I have the regrets about this because that I am not enabled to remember very well what Paris has been like when THE BYSTANDER has shone through the dark skies—(one is sure that they must have been dark before)—to bring the light of jollity to the gladly receptive.

I HAVE the hopes to be better equipped for the Number 2,000, when that shall come along, when I am sure that our sense of the *joie de vivre* shall have been intensified by the perfect stimulant of the buoyant BYSTANDER, which is sufficient to enable us to dispense without the aid of the rejuvenating Doctor Voronoff.

HOWEVER, I have made the inquiries from the most unquestionable sources, as they say in the newspapers, to supplement the recollections of infancy, and one is not so sure that we have made the great amount of the progress in the general affairs since that Paris was twenty years younger.

THERE is the vast talk in these nowadays of the speed with which it is possible to travel compared with the years ago. And almost everyone would accept the assertion that one does now move much more quickly than then. But on the strength of my authorities (unquestionable, as has been previously affirmed) I am prepared to declare that it has been possible to go from one end of the boulevards to the other, *il y a vingt ans*, much more rapidly than it is to-day. And this is the day of the automobile, while that has been the heyday of the now outcast horse!

TO avert the possibility of the doubts, one is fortunately enabled to supply you with the figures. By the coincidence which is stranger than the fiction I have the evidence of one who has returned to Paris after an absence of almost precisely twenty years. He has found that it has required three-quarters of an hour to conduct him from the Gare de Lyon to the Place de l'Opéra. At the period when he has absented himself from Paris he has been accustomed to make the journey in twenty-five minutes. And that in the *antiques sapins, attelés de rossinantes.*

YOU may say that this is not along the boulevards. But the condition along the boulevards is even worse. He has essayed the autobus, which has the priority over the taxis. He has found that it has had to pull up every *vingt mètres* on account of the *encombrements*. That, of course, is the secret of the retrogression. There are so many people who have now the intention to travel swiftly that they block the way, the ones for the others, and the speed of the whole is reduced to that of the age to crawl.

"Now they cover their tresses and display their bas de soie"

ALL that is not difficult to be understood. But what will you say of his discovery that he has required ten minutes longer to go to St. Germain—by train? *Je vous donne en mille.* To save the exhaustion of the grey matter I will reveal that this railway does now belong to the State.

THERE are the other topics of the importance to the capital in which we have not progressed, but in which we have

"Maintenant"

remained entirely still. I have found that twenty years ago we have been agreed upon the need to deepen the Seine in order to avoid the floods. We talk about it still, and in the interval there have been the great *inondations*. There is the consolation that we have not moved backwards as in the affair of the travel.

BUT what about the matter of the dress, in which you are, no doubt, the greater interested. *Eh bien*, in this connection we have achieved the retrogression which does make that of the locomotion failure insignificant of comparison. Twenty years ago, had been attained the height of progress in the employment of clothing to protect the Parisiennes from the elements. From the time when the ancient "Lutece-ienne" had had to face the rigours of the day with a string of beads, because that it has been the custom, we had arrived at the period when it has not been possible for even the east wind to take more than a passing glance at the natural beauty of the Parisienne.

THERE have been the balloon sleeves, which have appeared to afford the refuge for the inquisitive wind, but the tightness at the wrists has corrected the illusion. As for the frocks they have been sufficiently long to deprive the dustmen of their *raison d'être*. The only region where the breezes have had the opportunity to gambol has been beneath the hat, for in those days the hats have been perched with the most peculiar forward tilt at the front of the high-massed coils. They have looked as if their main intent has been to slip off in front. How they have remained on, when the wind has puffed from the back,

"Vingt ans avant"

is the chief wonder when one has a peep at the pictures in the first BYSTANDERS?

IN those days the ladies have seemed almost as anxious to flaunt their tresses as they have been to conceal their stockings. Perhaps because the latter have been of thick black wool. In the nowadays they cover up their low-waved hair, but make a display of their *bas de soie*.

IN the times when the ladies have worn only the strings of beads they have been considered to be the savages. But compare the volume of the dress of *il y a vingt ans* with the scantiness of to-day, especially at the *dancings*, and reflect if we have not gone far far back on the savage road.

IT is even probable that, in the days when the Lutece-ienne had added the skin of some trapped animal to her string of beads, the weight of her attire was much greater than that of the Parisienne at the modern *dancing*.

CERTES, there has been the swifter action in the last twenty years in the discardence of clothes than there had been in the accumulation during the previous thousand. If there should be the equal trend in the next twenty years, then shall there be no necessity to make the struggle to enter the *Bal des Quat'z' Arts*. *Vingt ans après* the vision will be so familiar. ROLAND

"Vingt ans après"

That Horrid

—When a Fellow

d Feeling—

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

Can't Dance!

BY STANLEY LLOYD

ONE IN A THOUSAND

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN

No. V.—THE WOMAN WHO ASPIRES

BY DELL LEIGH

To be able to emphasise the fact that she is one by placing the word "Lady" officially before her name is to her the summit of ambition.

As an undeveloped child she showed signs of what her future life work would be when she deprecated going to the Smithson's party because they were "so common." Subsequently, when full-fledged in years, and adroitly married to the brilliantly successful young business man, she proceeds to carve a career for him, and herself, out of the marble of the social ordinances.

It is only when looking back upon it all, during the more tranquil period of the 'sixties, that her husband realises how inexorably swift were the migrations from the honeymoon semi-detached villa at Earlsfield to the more "commodious modern residence" at Surbiton, with the small garage for the two-seater alongside the front door. Thence to the flat in Moscow Mansions, West Kensington, because "catching trains was such a bore after the theatres." And more recently to the purchase of the four-storied building in Curzon Street, where they now give those wonderful little dinners on Sunday nights to the people "who count" in politics, and business.

There has existed a tacit understanding between them for the last few years that reference to their sojourn in those other houses is never made before the servants, and, *bien entendu*, never "in company."

In truth, in those early days he had no great interest in any particular neighbourhood. His home, then, was primarily a place in which to sleep, and to hatch out new schemes for developing the thriving business. Then, when the war came and the business doubled and trebled and then quadrupled its profits by its Government contracts, he had brain and desire for nothing except the amazing half-yearly balance-sheets, which seemed to multiply themselves automatically.

It was she who did all the social thinking, and the moving.

She it was who first brought him to a realisation of his social deficiency by the remark, "Your trouble is, Alfred, that you don't *assert* yourself enough." This had taken root, and he had acted accordingly, with the power of new wealth behind him and her dogma as to who were "the right people to know" ever before him. Now, of course, Sir Alfred and Lady Rising are unassailable. They are cemented securely into Curzon Street—with her trowel.

She has only had one serious shock to her nervous system in recent years. That was when they suddenly altered the telephone exchange from "Mayfair" to "Grosvenor," and the crested note-paper had to be changed to a word which sounded to her like the purlieus of Victoria Station. That blow left an ugly wound.

Even to-day, when she is numbered among the many hundreds of those present bearing the same insignia of preferment, she experiences that delightful little thrill down the nape of the neck at the mumbled "Yes, m'lady," by the floor superintendant in the gown department at Frebenham's. To hear the butcher in Shepherd's Market call back to the book-keeper: "Forequarter, English lamb, eight 'n 'arf pounds, Lady Rising, plees," is as myrrh and frankincense—a soothing balm.

There had been one or two stones in her path of progress from time to time. Notably one, a small one, though it bruised her heel. At the big Charity Bazaar for the dependents of unemployed ex-service men she had drifted for a moment into the scorching flame of the organiser's tongue.

The old Duchess of Dullwater was marshalling her stallholders before the Royal Arrival, and had peered up at her through horn glasses with a vacant stare.

"What name did you say?" she had asked, frigidly.

And, on hearing it, turned to her lanky daughter, who was a steward, and in a steel-filing voice announced:

"Lady Risen, Angela, Stall No. 6. I'm quite sure she will make an excellent saleswoman—next, please."

And the lanky, horse-breeding daughter, chewing a pencil, had grinned viciously.

It was not until hours afterwards that the full purport of the prophecy struck her; and then, of course, the corrosive replies which

came tumbling from her lips were spent upon the empty air of the Curzon Street bedroom.

With old pre-War friends of the Surbiton days, who have not yet been shaken off, she adopts an aloof, rather regal manner. On their mentioning the births, marriages, and deaths of local acquaintances she recalls them with difficulty.

"Don't you remember Clara Smithson, who won the double-sculling that time at Teddington Regatta with Bertie Bolsover; the fat girl with the cheery laugh?"

"No; do you know I'm afraid I don't. It's so long ago isn't it—do you take Indian or China tea?" Both out of Queen Anne teapots.

With the impetuous and unaccustomed sister, who opens the door of the Rolls before the taciturn chauffeur has had time to come round and do it himself, she is really annoyed, and only refrains from placing an arresting hand on her outstretched arm with an obvious effort.

Impecunious, and therefore importunate, relatives are as a plague of locusts upon her mental horizon. They assume so much. Chiefly do they assume that she will naturally be delighted to come down to what in Curzon Street are now damned with faint praise as "the suburbs," for a quiet little dinner, "and to meet a few old friends." She has a horror of meeting these old friends and relations, because they, still hanging precariously on a much lower rung of the Ladder, so low down in fact that she can only see them through her lorgnettes, vaguely, are uncomfortably enthusiastic at her rocket-like ascent into the knightly heavens, and are continually giving tongue to their pride at so close a blood propinquity to her eminence.

Old Uncle Fred, for example, on the "chesterfield" at the other end of the room, having retired from business as a Fishmonger and Poulterer at the corner of Station Road, Muswell Hill, spends his time extolling her worth to assembled companies, and would do so with justifiable pride and a hearse voice were he present (which God forbid) at the most fashionable London gathering.

"Look at 'er. She's a marvel! An' I can see 'er now, on the platform at the 'Igh School at Streatham, taking the prize for scripsher. It seems like only yesterday, it does reely; wonderful ain't it—Thanks, I don' mind if I do; just a small one, keeps the cold out, he! he!"

Such crude and unnecessary exhortation jars her spine, and brings home sharply the horror of ever present London possibilities. Moreover, they all come out on to the pavement and gather wide-eyed about the Rolls at her departure, letting fall intimate family remarks within the hearing of Swain, the chauffeur, who seems always to forget to add "m'lady" for some days afterwards, until stared at expectantly.

But of our charity let us admire her consistent science. You may follow her passage through the seasons, if you have a mind to, and you will be enthralled at her art of assimilated ease in whatever surroundings you come upon her. Be it languidly convalescent from a January chill on the sun-splashed Terrace at Monte Carlo, in the crowded hour before the *déjeuner*, she will be discussing the latest *haut-ton* scandal, as to the manner born, with the wife of a new-laid Cabinet Minister. In the lounge of the Winter Sports paradise at Engleheim, in February, she will be making up a bridge four with two Peeresses and a Prince of the Escurios, as if they were her first cousins not a step removed. In August she will sit on a shooting-stick in a grouse butt at lunch time, almost correctly clothed, and entirely at ease with the Laird of half the surrounding country, though the gun-talk is beyond her ken. Of all the London dance clubs she is an original member, and her table on Armistice Night, the best one, in the corner by the door, includes the prettiest actress of the moment, so that a hundred eyes are focussed thereon. As she moves critically about among the *mannequins* during the special show of disrobement at London's most expensive *salon*; or looks nonchalantly down into the stalls from Box A at the theatre on a gala night, it is with the bored, albeit tolerant air of one who has never known any *mise-en-scène* but this.

And yet who but she could tell of the continued strain and duress of endeavouring to appear natural in surroundings which are pregnant with pitfalls for her species. Of the constant leash upon the tongue in conversation with the high born, lest, in the excitement of the moment, some dreadful solecism should tarnish the gilt of rank. Of the tense anxiety to remain unperturbed when suddenly faced with a conundrum of social etiquette requiring instant solving. She has a profound, secret admiration for the poise and detachment of simple Mrs. Borlaise, who, when she was questioning her in her house in Brook Street on the merits of a parlourmaid who had given her name as a reference, went calmly on with what she was saying, without even a twitch of the face, though a footman fell downstairs with a tray of old Sèvres china as she was speaking.

She has been forced to the conclusion, though the burden of the thought is never expressed beyond the privacy of her bedroom, that despite the solidity and size of her husband's investments, and the paragraph devoted to him in *Who's Who* and *The Red Book*, she will live under strain for the rest of her life, if the position she has won is to be consolidated, and a further advance to the fair fields of higher status achieved.

Even so, it is well worth it.

The only people, as far as she can see, looking about her, who remain quietly natural and philosophic under present-day conditions are those very dowdy ones who smile wanly and call themselves "the new poor"; and the rather tattered remnant of the old nobility, who have crept away into some obscurity of their own and are seldom seen. She supposes it is easy enough for them to be natural, because they never go anywhere or do anything, but stand self-effacingly on the fringe of things. As to how they manage to remain philosophic in their attenuated circumstances, after all they have been accustomed to, she cannot for the life of her understand.

"After all, one must have *money* these days. It is the only thing that counts with anyone. I mean *isn't* it so? Ask yourself the question."

A Tell-epathic Medium

BY WILMOT LUNT

SHE: "Mrs. Chirp is a great gossip, isn't she?"
HE: "Yes. She has a good sense of Rumour"

Specially photographed for The Bystander *by* Humphrey Joel

"IF WINTER COMES"—TO LONDON

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares at their Hampstead home. Besides the London company whose *premier* is to-night at the St. James's with Mr. Owen Nares as "Mark Sabre," Messrs. B. A. Meyer, Frank Curzon and Owen Nares have two companies "on the road." One opened most successfully at Westcliff last week with Mr. John Howell, D.S.O., M.C., as Mr. Hutchinson's famous hero, and the nucleus of an Australian company (with Mr. Garry Marsh as the man of "Mark") is now on the high seas, bound for "down under"

TREASURE ISLAND AT THE STRAND

BY "JINGLE"

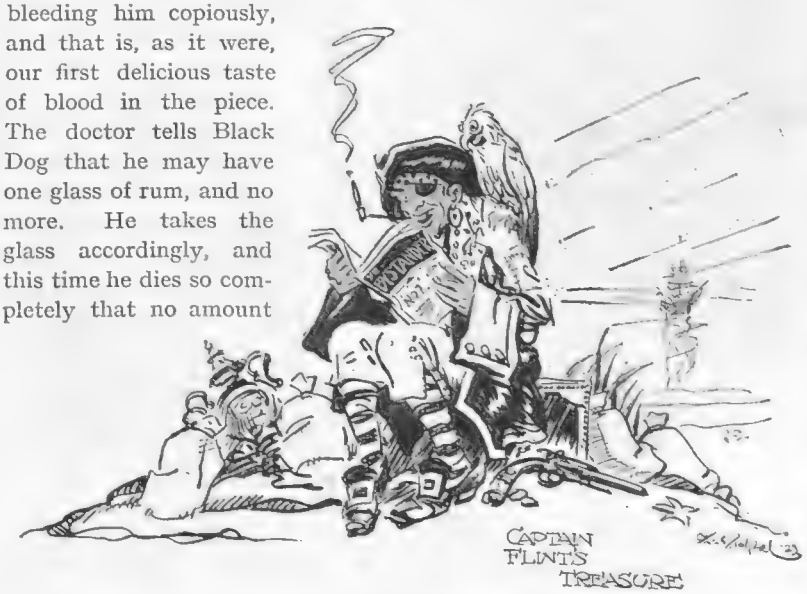
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on December 23, 1922

IN case anyone should have failed to call attention to the fact elsewhere, I will take the liberty of mentioning that this is the one-thousandth number of THE BYSTANDER. Strictly speaking, it has nothing to do with me at all, as I am only the boy, as you might say. And then again any comment I might make on this startling phenomenon ought, by reason of the title of these notes, to be reserved for the Thousand-and-one-th number. As, however, I have a notion, which amounts to a positive conviction, that the thousand-and-first number will duly appear next week, I have taken the

liberty to anticipate that glorious event. . . And now I have got to sit down and try and think what on earth all this has got to do with the production of *Treasure Island*; and I can lay my hand on my heart and honestly declare that I do not know.

To judge from my personal observation, this must be the most successful piece in London. In the old days it used to be the boast of the producers of a successful piece that they were turning away money at the doors; and I think they must be doing something of the kind at the Strand Theatre just now, though I expect they ask it to call round again another day, as it is a pity to lose sight of the good stuff altogether. The first act is taken up with a discussion of the location of the treasure. Black Dog, the old pirate, has got a chart of the island, but he is not handing it round for general inspection. Black Dog's trouble is, as we know, the demon Rum. In the course of an excited discussion as to the division of the spoil, he has an attack of apoplexy; but the doctor gets rid of that for him by bleeding him copiously, and that is, as it were, our first delicious taste of blood in the piece. The doctor tells Black Dog that he may have one glass of rum, and no more. He takes the glass accordingly, and this time he dies so completely that no amount of blood-letting will pull him together again. So much for doctors! So we pass on to Pew, the blind man, who is the indirect cause of Black Dog's death. Pew gave him the Black Spot, a small piece of metal that is passed from hand to hand until it reaches its destination. It means just—Death. I think some of the boys about me thought it was a pity Black Dog should have been allowed to die a natural death when he might have been picturesquely knifed, and got there just the same. Still, there is plenty of nice killing in the piece. Some people of a scientific turn of mind say that the individual evolves exactly as the race has done, so that the average human boy is just now as the race was in its savage state. Consequently, it is easy to guess with what abiding joy the boys looked on at John Silver's little feat of knifing an old friend. His victim tries to run away; and as Silver has only one leg and a crutch he is a bit handicapped for an open race. But he very neatly flings his crutch at the fellow, making him fall in just the right position for a good straight bit of stabbing. Silver plunges his knife into his old



friend's heart, and presses it home cheerfully with both hands. When he withdraws the knife, he wipes it clean on the dead man's face; though I feel sure some of the boys must have felt disappointed that

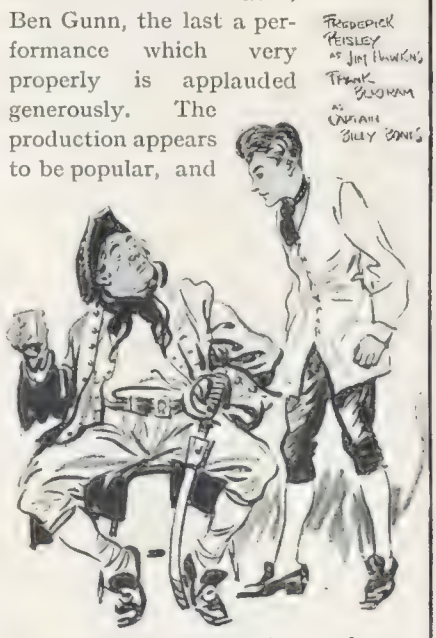
Silver did not clean the knife by licking it.

THE scene showing the good ship *Hispaniola* on the high seas is a fascinating piece of realism. By an ingenious device, the waves are seen to move with that steady, monotonous roll that strikes a chill into the heart of the Channel passenger who never was meant for the sea. But, of course, the real treat for the boys is the dashing adventure of Jim Hawkins who is a match for all the pirates going. He is represented by Mr. Frederick Peisley, who for a sea-going treasure hunter is, perhaps, what our old friend Captain Marryat would have called "too bloomin' politeful." He is a well-behaved and very nicely-spoken boy, and seems to upset altogether the theory that evil communications corrupt good manners. Several of the pirates take a hand at trying to kill him; but he doesn't mind. He just pushes on, and comes out top every time. He must have been an object of the envy of every healthy boy in the house.

JIM'S great feat is his fight with Israel Hands on the deck of the *Hispaniola*. Hands draws a knife; and when a pirate does that sort of thing you can always be sure that he is meditating some form of unkindness. Jim dashes up the ladder to the Captain's deck and runs down the ladder on the other side. Then Hands removes the second ladder so that there shall be no escape for the boy; and the chase starts off again. Jim finding the steps gone jumps clear to the deck and scrambles up the rigging. Hands is unable to get him down from that so he takes aim with his knife, and is about to throw it with perhaps fatal effect, when Jim produces a pistol and shoots the fellow dead. It was a most exciting scene, and was perfectly lovely from first to last. A lot of the other killing takes place "off." Somebody fires a gun and says he has hit his man; but I like best to see the shooting done on the stage. I am bound to say though that knifing is quite a popular sport in this piece. If you cannot see the thing being done you can hear the victim's cries, with the explanation that that is poor old Jack who is being done in, or something of that sort. And that is, of course, the next best thing to being a witness of the sad occurrence.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is the fine old scoundrel, Long John Silver, and he has made a one-legged

man of himself rather triumphantly. It must be a tiring part to play; but, fortunately, there are plenty of places on the deck of a ship that offer a welcome seat. Mr. Reginald Bach doubles very successfully the part of the blind man, Pew—a performance of real distinction—and Israel Hands, the chap who tries to down Jim Hawkins. Mr. Charles Groves is first of all Black Dog, and afterwards the marooned man, Ben Gunn, the last a performance which very properly is applauded generously. The production appears to be popular, and



it deserves to be so. Apart from the distinction of the amiable author of the story, it seems as it at this hour of the day it may help to awaken the spirit of adventure in a generation rather given to expecting to have a job found for it than to go out and make its own. I like, too, the way it bangs out the everlasting truth that the hope of gain is still the strongest human incentive to action.

THERE may be some who believe that we shall all cheerfully do our work, year in year out, provided the State will guarantee us our regular ration of bird seed and raw turnip, but I have my philosophic doubts as to that. The gospel that *Treasure Island* preaches is that on the chance of securing great wealth for his own personal and exclusive use, a man will risk money, comfort, and even life itself, and it will be a poor day for the world when that type of man is finally extinct. With these few remarks I will now resume my seat.

JINGLE

The Thousandth Performance

PULSATING WITH LIFE

Dr. A. Domini: "Your thousandth performance, Miss Bystander and you still look vigorous! Not wanting my monkey gland tablets, eh?"

Miss Bystander: "Nothing doing, old thing! I never felt fitter in my life!"

BY NORMAN KEENE

CUTTING AN EXCELLENT FIGURE

WEAKNESS IN WHACKING

COMING EVENTS and CASUALTIES IN DOGDOM

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

You all, who are interested enough in Dogs to read my scraps of notes about 'em, are, of course, aware that Dogs think; quite a lot; more than some of their alleged betters. That they have their unwritten laws, and a real code of honour, there's no doubt; and, if they haven't yet evolved a theology (or an Inquisition, or warring sects, and such like evidences of high civilisation), at least they have their gods. Oh, yes, without a doubt, they have gods. We who own them, or are owned by them; we who've made 'em what they are (from the more than half-wild hunters and watchers they were in dim, pre-historic days before the Dog became "The First Friend") and so are personally responsible for the welfare of the many millions of diverse personalities who make up the Dog community of 1923—we are their gods. Remind yourselves of it now and again, you Dog-lovers—Coué fashion—lest you forget the obligations and responsibilities attaching to the godhood you can't evade—not with common decency, anyhow.

A word, if you please, which may conceivably apply to others, and certainly does to several lady correspondents of the past month. It's frightfully important for gods to be *consistent*. *Justice* is more important than what's called kindness; the least gifted of canine curs mostly knows his own mind, and it's awfully disturbing for a Dog if a god doesn't always, at least, equal him in this respect. And yet, you know, you've got to mind your P's and Q's if you *are* always to equal him.

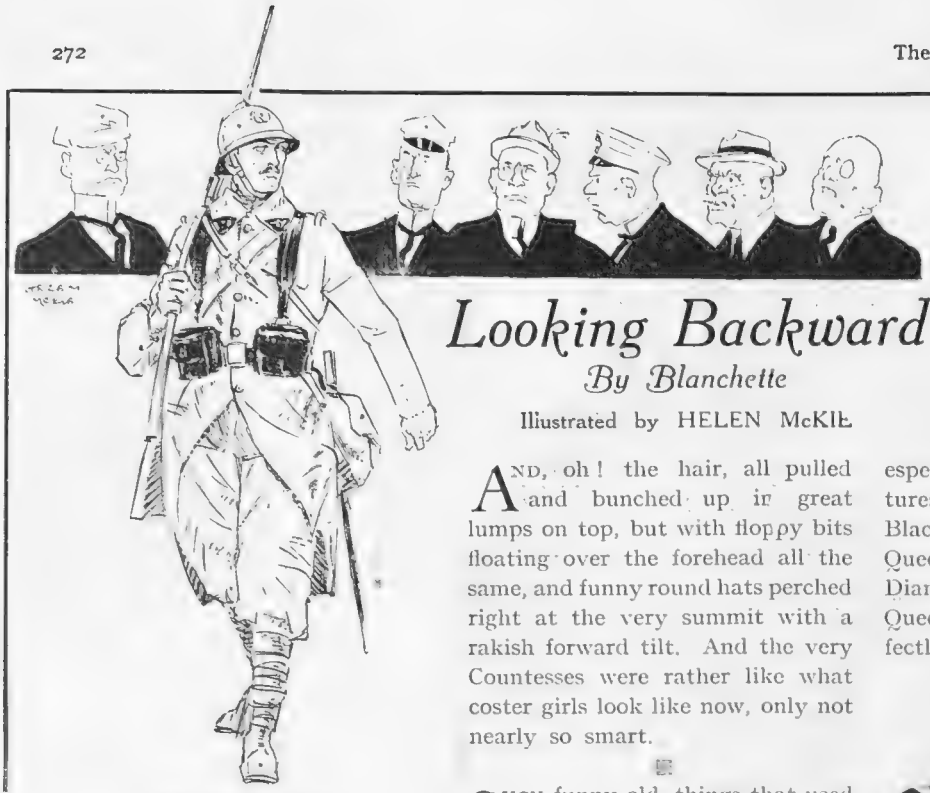
My own experience suggests that the need for whacking a Dog is rare; once in his lifetime has been about my average. But, if and when it *is* necessary, there shouldn't be a shadow of doubt about its "hurting." If it doesn't hurt, it's mere gratuitous cruelty; offensive; utterly unworthy of even the least of gods; not only futile, you understand, but very definitely harmful, both to god and Dog. To withhold a needed whacking may well do harm; to administer an unneeded whacking is bad and un-godlike; but worse than either is to give a whacking that doesn't hurt, because it makes the god petty and ridiculous in the Dog's eyes, saps character and discipline, and strengthens and encourages the culprit in his pursuit of whatever evil called for punishment.

TOYS

Cruft's huge Show begins this day week; a very big thing. To-morrow, the Pekingese Club's winter Show, at Harrod's Auction Galleries. Toys at Manchester on February 24; with nineteen Classes for Pekingese, seventeen for Poms, and the rest in keeping. The popular big one-day Show of the Kensington Society, at Holland Park—an immense hit last year—will be April 5, this year. The open Show at Croydon to-day (31st) should be well worth a visit. Pleased by the success of its last effort, Brighton is to have a big Show at the Dome, come September—a long way ahead, but worth noting. (How the Dogs do love that Downs country! And what air it has, for rearing and exercise!)

Is the goose-step compulsory for Dogs in Deutschland? I don't know. But there's a fine fruity flavour of *kultur* in the recent communication of Herr Rauth (Hamburg) to *Our Dogs*, which should interest all Pekingese fanciers. Thus: "I am the most important breeder of Pekingese. . . . I visited the important shows. . . . I know exactly how a Pekingese ought to look. . . ." But in every other land I know, anyhow, the real study of Dogs makes for modesty; so there's hope for Prussians yet. They've been doing extremely well of late in the breeding and training of Police Dogs; far better than we have.

Among the canine aristocracy, the most famous families of Dogdom, casualties from Distemper have been infernally high this season; yet it has not been a "hard" winter, and there are trying months still to come. What about definite identification of the Distemper bacillus, and the evolution of a positively certain serum for inoculation? It's unfair to say our best vets. are too busy money-making to bother with research; but—well, we do badly want that serum; for (numerous correspondents, please note, to save post replies!) colds and chills, and other wintry ailments can*not* develop into Distemper. No; the great scourge comes only by infection and contagion. I'm convinced it can be air-borne, and conveyed through humans, clothes, straw, and the like. Also, apparently quite healthy Dogs can be "carriers"; also recovered Dogs, many, many weeks after recovery. But Distemper can't just *happen* out of the *ewigkeit*, like a chill. And the treatment — is 99 per cent. nursing, and nourishing, and "taking in time." Get skilled advice on suspicion; "wait and see" is a short cut to dissolution.



"Round the Ruhr way"

Looking Backward

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *January* 29

DEAR COUSIN—

HAVE just been looking at the first number of THE BYSTANDER that someone's lent me. And, oh! my dear, can they really ever have been, these odd, quaint, d'lightful, incredible people and things I saw in it, of a thousand years ago—I mean weeks?

THOUGH might quite *as* well have b'longed to the time of old King Tut-ankh Amen, or whatever they call him, from the look of 'em, as a mere twenty years back—when even you and I, I s'pose, come to think of it, were already in existence. But never would have dreamt, if I hadn't just seen it with me own eyes, that we ever could have actually breathed and lived and had our being in such antique and historic times.

SIMPLY fearf'ly interesting ones, though, if it's only for the *clothes* alone which the poor things of those days wore. Lots of waist, and bulges all over the place. High collars and great, big, wide sleeves with puffs and gathers. . . . Plenty of hips and wide, long skirts with flounces on 'em, right down to the ground—not the present kind *we* call long that show at least a shoe and an ankle, but the real, modest, trailing, road-sweeping, microbe-gathering sort.

AND, oh! the hair, all pulled and bunched up in great lumps on top, but with floppy bits floating over the forehead all the same, and funny round hats perched right at the very summit with a rakish forward tilt. And the very Countesses were rather like what coster girls look like now, only not nearly so smart.

SUCH funny old things that used to happen, too, in those half-forgotten days. When musical comedies were still "it" and no one'd ever even heard of a revue, and people waltzed and probably polka-ed, and still talked about the South African War, that was only just about over—they didn't try to forget about it half so soon as we have our own War, if we can still call it that after four whole years and more.

MEM'RIES are shorter now, methinks—now that we live a bit faster. 'Sides, people *wanted* so hard to forget this time, didn't they? That other war was only such a little thing in comparison.

"The first number of The Bystander"

ALWAYS rather intriguing, isn't it, this sort of burrowing into the past, so to speak? And especially when it's a really picturesque one, like in the new Stuart Blackton super-film, "The Virgin Queen," at the Empire. Where Lady Diana Cooper is a perfectly lovely Queen Elizabeth, *and* in such perfectly lovely ruffs and farthingales

"The Chelsea Art ——"

and things that you feel you want to go and be an Elizabethan yourself right away, 'spite of the awful weight they must have been to carry about with you all the time, not to mention all the plots and murders and fights and fires there seemingly used to be going on, those days.

QUITE the simple life, though, it was, some ways, 'spite of all the gorgeous trappings and the rest of it. No proper knives and forks, f'rinstance—and to see Queen Elizabeth licking her fingers one by one after she's dug herself out a piece of game pie with a dagger. . . . But what an alluring show it all is, and what d'lightful pictures of real old English castles and river scenes and things—didn't have that sort of film, either, a thousand years (I mean weeks) ago.

EVEN in just on twenty years people do come to think and do things so differently, don't they? Ideas seem to change so much more even than clothes—and you can't change back from them so easily,

either, if at all. Talking about which — ways of looking at things, I mean — have been rather wond'ring what the author was really driving at in that int'resting but puzzling play, *A Roof and Four Walls*, that Phyllis Neilson-Terry's acting (and wearing such nice frocks) in at the Apollo. Wife makes lots of money by singing —husband very little by composing songs. He forbids her to go about with dissolute peer, she defies him, is forcibly embraced by d.p., weeps, and is reconciled with husband.

SHE'S a norrible kind of woman, I may tell you. Swanks about how she pays for things, and isn't a bit nice to her husband, though she pretends she loves him, and only finally falls into his arms 'parently) 'cos he's got a good job at last and is going to break loose. What I want to know is— did Mr. Temple Thurston think it as a real problem, what wife would have done when husband wanted to put a word in about her choice of friends?

CONFESS *I* thought he was going to make husband jealous of wife 'cos she earned so much more than he did, which would have, anyway, made more of a *real* problem. Though, as a matter of fact, in real life, of course, she'd have insisted on singing all his songs at all her concerts, and then the royalties 'd have made *his* fortune as well! But mustn't expect *too* much reality from plays or books, must we? And, after all, quite enough cold hard facts knocking up against us at every corner, I s'pose, without finding 'em in the theatre as well.

"The Virgin Queen"

SUCH as, f'rinstance, the rather ominous mutterings of *la guerre* that are beginning to be wafted across from round the Ruhr way, where the horizon-blue, I hear, is gathered in fuller and more determined force than anyone officially lets us know. . . . But don't let's look forward too far, either.

A WEEK'S quite enough—and next week there's quite a nice lot of things to fix one's eyes on, 'cluding a dinky dog show run by the celebrated Cruft's at the Agricult. Hall, and dear Sir John Martin Harvey in a new play, *and* at last the long-looked-for Chelsea Arts Ball, in an Arctic Albert Hall, complete with icebergs, penguins, Polar bears, and all. Not going to be a frost, though, I give you my word and stake you my very last and only Bradbury left over after paying the Christmas bills.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Photograph *G. P. U.*

ONE IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO—ON THE BOOKSTALL

Mr. W. H. Berry plays a hand or two of the new Fleet Street Card Game, and appears to have chosen a winner!

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Champion Young Hurdlers

OPINIONS differ as to which is the champion young hurdle-racer of the season. There seem to be quite a few good ones about. For my part I maintain that Groomsport deserves the honours so far. On all sorts of courses he has clearly exhibited his smartness, and it is a notable achievement to have won six races off the reel. Still, Groomsport has escaped redoubtable opposition in his latest engagements, and I should like to see him take on King Pippin, Gasper, and one or two other young cracks. Tom Coulthwaite has two other smart four-year-olds in King David and Hassock. I doubt whether you could induce any bookmaker to lay you very long odds against Coulthwaite saddling the winner of the Liverpool Hurdle Handicap, which will be one of the most valuable events of its sort during the winter season.

A National Horse

I AM under the impression that Coulthwaite is well satisfied that he has a likely Grand National horse in Conjuror II. Rather against this animal is the fact that National Hunt Steeplechase winners hardly ever do any good at Aintree. But the trainer in question is not the man to make serious mistakes. I have had the interesting experience of going over his training grounds just outside Hednesford, and I have seen the sort of preparation Tom gives his National horses. Although never a horseman himself, he knows how to get his horses fit, and how to make 'em jump.

If he is content with Conjuror II's progress then we must regard that animal's prospects with genuine respect even though young Mr. Dewhurst, who will probably ride him at Aintree, has no experience of that fearsome country.

The Weights

ACCEPTANCES for the Lincoln, Grand National, and other spring handicaps will be published soon after these notes appear, so any close discussion of those races can be deferred until later. Glancing at the Lincoln weights one is glad to see that Monarch has not been harshly treated. No horse had worse luck in the big handicaps last season. He always ran gallantly, but every time he ran up against something just a bit too good for him at the weights. In the Grand National Shaun Spadah has not received much sympathy from the handicapper, and I expect George Poole regards one or two of his other candidates with brighter hopes of success. Manby Gate, indeed,

BY "THE TOUT"

THE ESCOTTS (PÈRE ET FILS)

Escott, of Lewes, has few superiors in the art of training jumpers, and he would have far to go before he found a better horseman to ride them than his son "Tony"

might well prove capable of putting up a big show for this stable. Arravale's weight is just about right, and whether Percy Whitaker rides him or not, he is sure to remain a well-backed horse. Francis Brown, an Irish candidate, is also worth keeping an eye on.

At Sandown

IT is not very often that Sandown Park has a mid-week jumping fixture, but, the weather being right, we shall be at this delightful course on Wednesday and Thursday. Nor is sport likely to fall below the high Sandown standard. The Prince Albert Hurdle Race is one of the attractions on the opening day. I note **Black Gown** in this event. He failed rather mournfully when he made his first public appearance over the hurdles, but I am sure he can improve on that form, and I look for his success on this occasion. **Forewarned,** a much fancied article for the Grand National, may win the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase on the second day, and **Waterford Glass II** may secure the Cardinal's Hurdle Race.

Photograph *I. B.*

FOLLOWING ONE OF THE RIVAL PACKS

Mr. "Jimmy" de Rothschild at the meet of the Whaddon Chase at Winslow last week. The meet will go down in hunting history because of the revival of the four-year-old quarrel between the Selby-Lowndes and Dalmeny packs in the Whaddon country

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

THE MEET AFTER THE MEETING

Lord Beatty and Lady Mary Fitzmaurice (daughter of Lord Orkney), whose resignation from the Mastership has revived an old quarrel, at the meet of the much discussed Whaddon at Winslow

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

One of the Old Brigade

TO learn that this is the thousandth number of THE BYSTANDER, and to be reminded that one has contributed to its pages almost from its earliest issues gives one a little bit of a shock as well as a thrill of satisfaction. Is it possible that all those weeks have elapsed since I was called upon to continue those sporting notes for the paper which the Hon. Lancelot Bathurst had so admirably started? It was a joy in those days to watch THE BYSTANDER steadily making for itself an indispensable place among the brighter periodicals of the period. To-day it is equally satisfactory to observe it still going from strength to strength. From its first number the best field sports and

otograph . . . . . Sport and General

MRS. IAN BULLOUGH CHEZ ELLE

Bullough (Miss Lily Elsie), a great lover of dogs, is seen here lovely home at "Drury Lane" Farm, near Gloucester, with a f her trusted friends. Despite spasmodic rumours to the ary, one fears that "Drury Lane" Farm is the nearest she'll to go towards the venue of her old triumphs—at any rate, for the present

imes have always been allotted their share its precious space. And who shall say that this cy has not contributed a little towards its derful success?

od for the Quorn

DERS to hounds have not had much to complain of this month. With the going much ter than it was in the old year, scenting ditions have improved immensely. The Quorn ve done consistently well, and they will be lucky if they get a much better day than that with hich they began last week. Hounds and huntsman did remarkably well during that breezy venty minutes from Welby Osiers, and they richly deserved the reward they gained at Ragdale. ome of the thrusters were inclined to grumble little when Major Burnaby took the pack on to Grimstone Gorse. This is an area which is not popular with the cut 'em downs, as the foxes often stick to the woods round here. All was well, however, on this occasion. Hounds had three foxes on the move in covert, and settled at once on the right one. In the run that followed they covered five miles straight in twenty-five minutes, which is not bad going. It was a fine gallop over an ideal country, and everybody rode home well content.

An Eight-Mile Point

PERHAPS the Pytchley were a trifle slow in getting into their stride this season, but lately they have been going great guns. Last week, for example, their rousing run from North Kilworth was something to be remembered. Colonel Hobson will be very proud that such a good fox should have been found in his reeds at Misterton Hall. That he was a really straight-necked customer will be gathered from the fact that he made a point of no less than eight miles before he got to ground. Eighty minutes was the time, and hounds covered fully a dozen miles. Those who were in it declared with justifiable enthusiasm that it was the run of the season.

The Whaddon Squabble

ONE hesitates to advance any fuel to the Whaddon Chase flame, yet it is permissible to deplore the mess in which the Committee now finds itself. That its members were asking for trouble in putting up Lord Dalmeny for the Mastership again must, surely, have been foreseen. It cannot be denied that Lord Dalmeny has many qualifications for the position. A brilliant horsemen, he has all the necessary enthusiasm, and represents important landowning interests in the country. But the Selby-Lowndes division declare they have not been fairly treated, and if Lord Orkney cannot go on, the only way out of the embroilment would appear to be the appointment of an M.F.H. who has no attachment either to one side or the other.

A. W. C.

Photograph *Central News*

THE HERTFORDSHIRES AT HATFIELD HOUSE

The Marchioness of Salisbury (right) outside her house, where the Hertfordshires recently met. With her are her daughter-in-law, Lady Cranborne, two of her grandchildren, little Peter Cranborne and Gerard Ormsby-Gore, and Master Richard Cavendish

SPORT of the WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph *L.N.A.*

OXFORD'S UNBEATEN ICE-HOCKEY TEAM

Who, while in Switzerland, played six matches and won them all, scoring 59 goals to 11. The defeated sides were Cambridge (beaten by 8-1), Paris, Davos, Berlin, St. Moritz and the Army. May we be permitted to ask—"Why Berlin?"

Photograph *Alfieri*

A DUAL WINNER AT WENGEN

Miss Kitty Dobbs, who won the Ladies' Ski Cup, as well as the race for the Wengen Golden Ski, receives her trophies from Mrs. Caulfield, the well-known lady ski-er

Photograph *Sport and General*

A CLEVER KICK-OUT BY T. A. GROSE

Who kept goal splendidly for Kent in their hockey match with Surrey at London Ditton last Wednesday. Kent were a man short up to half-time, and but for Grose would have been beaten by more than 5 goals to 1

Photograph *Topical*

THE VICEROY'S POLO TEAM

Winners of the Indian Polo Association's Tournament. They beat the 16th/5th Lancers in the final. Left to Right—Major Lucas, Major Atkinson, Captain Lawrence and Nawabzada Hamidullah. Note the composition of the Team—three English players and one Indian. There is no game in India, except perhaps Lawn Tennis, in which friendly rivalry between the two races is so keen

Photograph *Sport and General*

F. L. R. CRAWFORD

Winner of the Men's Singles at the first three open tournaments on the Riviera this season. He has made a marked advance since he was last home on leave from India

Photograph *P. G. H. Fender*

SANDHAM TURNS HALL-TO LEG FOR FOUR

In the match between the M.C.C. and The Transvaal at Johannesburg in December, Sandham, with Woolley who is seen at the other end, put on 113 for the second wicket in the M.C.C.'s first innings. The match was ultimately drawn

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE FIRST THREE HOME

In the London Business Houses Cross-Country Championship at Woodford. H. W. Payne, of the Great Eastern Railway Harriers, the well-known cross-country runner (left), was first, as he was last year, but he only beat A. H. Dare, of the Cuaco Harriers (centre), who finished very strongly, by 3 secs. C. G. Chumbley (Great Eastern Railway) was third. The G.E.R. won the team competition

Photograph *Central News*

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM

Which defeated the M.C.C. in the first Test Match. Since then the M.C.C. have won the second match and the third has been drawn. If the sides are all square when the fifth is reached it will be played to a finish. Standing (left to right)—J. M. Blanckenberg, T. A. Ward, I. J. Buys, C. Francois, C. Munro (12th man), W. Braun, E. P. Nupen. Seated—W. V. S. Ling, G. Hearne, H. W. Taylor (Capt.), A. D. Nourse, R. H. Catterall

Photograph *Sport and General*

JUST FOR ONCE IN A WAY

Two amateurs, Messrs. T. A. Torrance and T. H. P. Kolesar, beat two professionals, George Duncan and F. W. Richardson (the local "pro"), in a four-ball match at Sandy Lodge recently by 4 and 2. The amateurs were in receipt of two strokes, but did not need them. Mr. Torrance is plus 3 at Sandy Lodge; his partner is scratch

Photograph *Harry Smith*

TO REPRESENT ENGLAND

At the forthcoming World's Covered Court Lawn Tennis Championships at Barcelona, beginning on February 1. (Left to right) Men: J. B. Gilbert, W. C. Crawley, D. M. Greig. Ladies: Mrs. Beamish, Miss McKane

The Gentle Art of Bystanding

By FRANK HIRD

THERE are people—quite observant and intelligent people—who will tell you that the looker-on sees the most of the game. But they are only quoting a maxim from the old copy-books, those hot-beds of proverbial philosophy. It is not the looker-on but the *bystander* who sees the most of the game.

Your looker-on is merely a person who watches for his own amusement, or because he has got nothing better to do. He is just the ordinary spectator—the Man in the Street. It is he and his womenkind who crowd about the doors of fashionable churches to see the arrival and departure of brides whom they don't know. They flock, as eagerly, to the outside of prisons when notorious murderers are to be hanged, and wait for hours to see Cabinet Ministers arrive in Downing Street during a political crisis. They add to the cares of the police when noted foreign prize-fighters arrive at Charing Cross. Your looker-on is really a sensation-monger.

Your bystander is a very different order of being. Like your looker-on he is a watcher of the tide. But, whilst the looker-on merely sees its movement to and fro, your bystander can tell you why it ebbs and flows. He is in the inside of events; the looker-on is on the outside. The latter may have an excellent seat in the stalls or be in the front row of the dress circle, but the bystander has a rover ticket which takes him behind the scenes.

This is why all the memoirs that give us the most definite pictures of other times were written by bystanders. Evelyn, staid and dignified; Pepys, plodding and somewhat prone to "naughtiness," have left us in their diaries the life in the Court and the London of the Restoration as clearly as a cinema film. Horace Walpole did the same for the Georgian times. Saint-Simon in France flung open the doors of every boudoir at Versailles.

If they had not been bystanders they could not have left us these pictures of their own times because it is the bystander only who can see life about him as a whole. And because he stands in the wings as it were, he sees all the inner movements, their cause and reason, that sway the events of his day. This is why your bystander is a faithful recorder. In proof of this, what memoirs of any age, written by a principal actor in the play of life, have come down to us? They may be hidden away on forgotten library shelves, but who reads or looks at them now? The principals only see their own little bit of life.

You have an example ready to your hand in Mrs. Asquith's reminiscences. Mrs. Asquith was a principal. She could only see what was happening in front of her and beside her. Her records, therefore, are only her own impressions of events. The biggest situations in a tremendous drama are shown as they affected herself and a little *coterie* personally. But then Mrs. Asquith was not a bystander. Your true bystander can never be a principal.

Perhaps we have an Evelyn, a Pepys, or a Walpole amongst us recording our doings with a busy pen. But they will find their records for the past twenty years have been anticipated by a BYSTANDER which for a thousand weeks has given its readers all, and more, than the most assiduous diarist and acute observer could cover. Give your private bystander all the credit one may for range of observation; he has his limitations. But *the* BYSTANDER has no limitations.

Every world lies open to its perceptive eye—the worlds of sport, society, humour, art, the theatre, what you will—and where it scores over the old diarists, whose place it has taken, is, that with pencil and camera it makes an imperishable record of men, women and events as they appeared to the eyes of both bystanders and lookers-on.

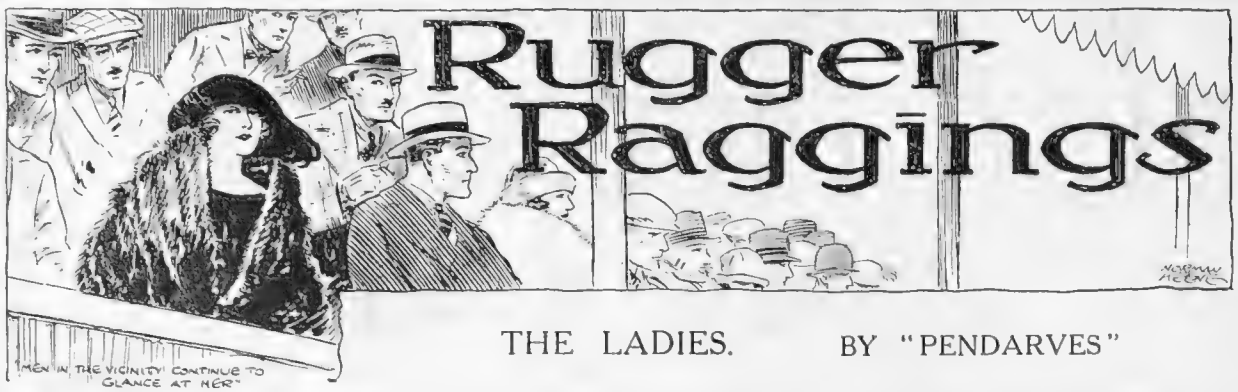
If some æons hence, the Martians descend upon what once was London they will find their Evelyn, their Pepys, and their Walpole for the first twenty years of the twentieth century in the files of THE BYSTANDER, but bound up with a wit and humour unknown to its worthy old forerunners.

1,000—NOT OUT! By Alfred Leete

"Without a Silencer"

BY BERT THOMAS

JOHN BULL TO "MISS BYSTANDER": "Splendid, my dear! *Keep going*"



THE LADIES.

BY "PENDARVES"

ALTHOUGH the game of Rugby is essentially a man's pastime, needing a very male and virile concentration to play it, and, to some extent, to watch it; although it is a game during which the participants appear, physically, at their very worst on a wet ground; and the character and temperament of partisan spectators are sometimes exposed in a very unfavourable light; in spite of all this the ladies, thank goodness, have edged themselves into the matter in increasingly large and alluring numbers. Ten years ago one could count on a stand at a club game a mere dozen or so very cold women encased in travelling rugs, who had been brought there selfishly by brothers, and those who wished to be anything but. Now, on a big day, at a 'Varsity or International, at least one-third of the spectators are women. And very nice, too!

But why? They know nothing whatever about the intricacies of the game. How should they? I believe the male enthusiast has yet to be born who can divert his attention from a fast, open game to explain the reason why the referee has whistled back that nice-looking fair man, just as he was getting well away, and makes them all form a scrum again ten yards from the touch line. She has ejaculated "What a shame! Reggie, why do they do that?"

And he has mumbled "What?" without hearing her question or making any attempt to answer it.

I have known men (I have essayed the task myself) take their womenfolk to a Rugger match intent upon being the perfect gentleman. They should have the whole thing explained to them; one will expatiate upon movement by movement, tell them exactly what is meant by "foot up," "knock on," the subtleties of "offside," and so on. Then she would get *really* keen (how could she help it?) and honestly prefer to go down with you in a crowded third to Blackheath, rather than sit in a stuffy dress-circle seat at some ghastly matinée.

But it never happens, this chivalrous explanation. You get as far as "Well, you see, the scrum half (their half, not ours, of course) wasn't behind the ball, he worked round to the other side and fell upon our man, the dirty dog, before the ball was out, and so, o-f c-o-urse . . .," and your voice trails off into silence; Lush is away with it there on the left, and it looks like a try, and you can't do two things at once.

She, reading you like an open book, says, "*I* see," very politely, and relapses into a convenient silence, until pent-up desire for elucidation bursts from her again with, "Reggie, dear, what was *that?*" Still, it is well worth it, because men in the vicinity continue to glance at her during the pauses when the ball is being retrieved from touch; and she is devastatingly pretty in those furs, and—well, there it is.

It was my honour and privilege recently to be driven down to Richmond in a fast car, with an open and hoggish exhaust, by two feminine enthusiasts, to see Richmond play the Harlequins. They were the sporting type, the kind who bring down rocketing pheasants with both barrels, and play the mediocre male to a standstill on a tennis court. The driver had been to a couple of Internationals with me, which was the extent of her knowledge of Rugby, and the other had never seen the game played. But you must understand that where sport is concerned the driver always occupies very much the centre of the fireplace. Consequently, the game had to be explained by her in an authoritative tone to her ignorant friend. And this was done, at great length, in the crowded stand.

Being a self-effacing man I began to wish I *had* joined Jones in his cruise to the Atlantic Islands. But when she began to hold forth about Davies, my seat began to subside under me. The monologue was somewhat as follows:

"Magnificent half, that man. Finest half in England—not a doubt of it. Now you watch him, Vi, *there*, did you see that? Beautiful judgment, wasn't it? Of course, the way he feeds his three-quarters is marvellous. Of course, there isn't another half in the four countries to touch him in *my* opinion, not one. I remember how he diddled those Welshmen the year before last. I doubt whether we've had such a half for years—and against Scotland last year——"

This went on for some time until I could bear it no longer, so I interposed gently with:

"Yes, old girl, he's a fine player. But aren't you mixing him up with someone else. This is V. G. Davies, you know. You're thinking of W. J. A. Davies, I imagine, aren't you? He's not here to-day. He is playing at Portsmouth, for the United Services."

But she wasn't in the least abashed. She covered her tracks very neatly with:

"Am I? Oh, well; it doesn't make any odds; this one is just as good a player, if not better, in my opinion."

And who shall gainsay her?

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THE strong, silent man is not so popular in fiction as he was. His place is often taken by the weak man who talks, or who, if he doesn't talk, thinks at great length—about himself. There is, however, much to be said in the strong, silent man's favour *if* he is a man in whom you can really believe. So often, it seems to me, he was portrayed on a scale which, intended to be heroic, became more or less fabulous. He reappears, in a believable and most attractive form, as the hero of Mr. Alfred Ollivant's new novel, *Old For-Ever* (Allen and Unwin: 6*s.* net), which is a mighty fine story. Old For-Ever is one Tom Oliver, Major in Pank's Punjabis, and the Major is one of those men who helped to make India what it was at the end of last century. He is a *man*, and his regiment adores him.

❀

BUT there are such things as medical officers, and, much against his inclination, the Major is ordered away on leave. His wife and baby are with him when news comes that the cholera has attacked his beloved men, and well enough he knows that only he can pull them round. Back he must go, orders or no orders. There is a certain pass through the mountains which provides a short cut, a dangerous pass, but Oliver, to be sure, takes all risks. He returns with his family and saves the men by the sheer force of his own personality, but at a cost which can hardly be measured. It is a virile book, moulded on old lines, perhaps, but exciting throughout. The end is unexpectedly poignant, but it is a good end, and, as is always the case with Mr. Ollivant's work, an impression is left which does not easily fade.

❀

MR. GILBERT CANNAN'S progress is rather baffling. There is a quality about his work which is very hard to describe, though it is essentially good and sound. His war books, to my mind, were irritatingly one-sided, but that, no doubt, was what they were intended to be. With *Annette and Bennett* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) he returns to that North-Country family of which we have already been told so much. The Lawries of Thrigsby, which is Cannanese for Manchester, are numerically large, as you probably remember, and, on the whole, they are far too respectable for their author's liking. The great James, however, that much misunderstood hero, is no exception, and here are his last days very movingly described. The relations between James, to whom money means nothing, and his family, to whom it means much, are peculiar, but he can rise to the heights when occasion demands, as it does in this story of his children and grandchild. There is no reason at all why Mr. Cannan should not write fifty books about his Lawries. Astonishing melodrama does not often come their way, but they make a useful peg for their inventor to hang on his philosophy of life, and it is just here, perhaps, that he remains rather baffling. Personally, I read every word of the book, and enjoyed it, and did not want to hear of poor James's death. But it came in the right way, and at just the right place, and I look forward to further sections of this Lawrie Saga, which must be considered to be a big thing.

❀

THERE is a jolly old uncle in Mr. John L. Carter's book, *Come Day, Go Day* (Long: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), of whom more should be told us. Summoned to a seaside resort to help a nephew who has saved a pretty girl from drowning and not unnaturally fallen in love with her, the old boy not only helps the youngest to get what he wants, but also helps himself to a wife. Their married life should be blissful, and I fancy that Mr. Carter could spin another sprightly yarn about the middle-aged couple. His dialogue is often unnecessarily stilted, but that is probably not a fault about which the majority of his readers will take much notice.

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

MISS ENNIS PARKES

The composer of that popular fox-trot, "Evergreen Eve," who has joined the cast of Jack Hylton's "Cabaret Follies" at the Queen's Roof. She plays and sings her own compositions in this bright little entertainment

"DOWN UNDER"

The winning costume at a Fancy Dress Ball held at Waterford, Queensland, which clearly shows the ubiquity of the fashion journal

❀

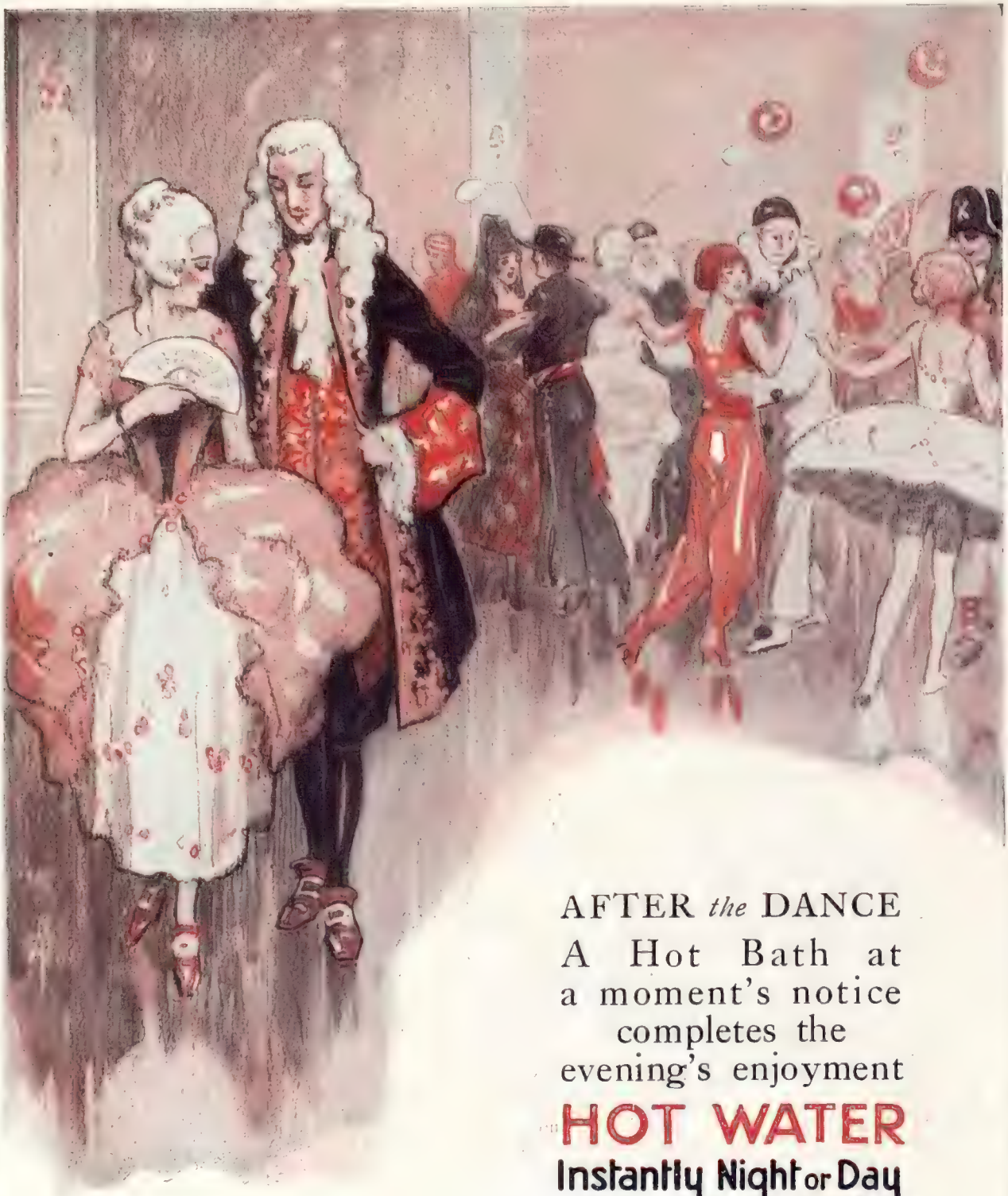
MR. J. AUBREY TYSON is a new name to me, but if he continues as well as he has begun with *The Scarlet Tanager* (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), he should make even Mr. Philip Oppenheim look to his laurels. The scene of the thrilling affairs of which Mr. Tyson has to tell is laid in an America of 1930, when a certain mysterious personage called Seafalcon is at the head of one of those secret societies of which we have been hearing a great deal of late. Seafalcon, however, out-Kluxes the Ku Klux Klan, and only a man like Rennison and the Scarlet Tanager herself, who, in spite of her cognomen and a murder undoubtedly committed by her, is quite a charming young woman, can outwit these new outlaws. The whole thing is so very well done that you accept everything without question. Thrill follows thrill, and at the end you want more. What further praise can be given? R. S.

Things Have Changed—

BY BLAM

—Since Our First Number

Through the smoke of her cigarette, dainty Miss Nineteen-Twenty-Three sees her prototype in "The Bystander's" first issue, and smiles a little tolerantly at "The Latest Fashion for 1903"



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PRIMA FACIE

By Chas. Chilcot

He: "I hope I shall make her happy"
She: "Well, she will certainly have something to *laugh* at"

Femina

WALLPAPER DESIGNS

BY MRS. M. VINCE

Many wallpapers have no design at all. At the bottom of the scale are those papers which are no more than detached bunches of flowers, or knots of ribbon and similar devices. I have heard people say that, after all, there is no harm in such papers, since they do not pretend to have any design, and it is certainly true that they are not so bad as many much more pretentious papers. But, at the same time, they can be positively harmful and even distasteful.

I remember once trying to convince the head of a nursing home that she would make a great mistake to use such papers. She replied that whatever might be best for a private house, these simple papers seemed to her exactly right for a nursing home. She would have people in it of all tastes and of no taste. And so she chose these papers as being "simple and non-committal," which no one would notice in particular and with which no one would find fault. Not long afterwards she confessed that she had made a great mistake. So far from no one noticing the papers, everyone had noticed them. Her patients lay in bed counting those knots of ribbon, or following the bunches of violets up and down and across the walls, until they were nearly maddened by them. If everyone, before choosing a wallpaper, lay in bed for only a day with nothing to do but to look at it hanging on the wall—two or three lengths side by side—there would be fewer bad wallpapers made and sold.

This mechanical repetition, which in its simplest form is bunches of flowers, is the easiest of all mistakes to make, and it is the commonest made. It is, in fact, the chief thing to be on one's guard against in choosing wallpapers. It is often made in papers of elaborate design, and that is the reason why one should never choose a paper from a small pattern, because the smaller the pattern the harder it is to detect. If a single detail in the design is too bold—a flower, a bird, a tree-stem—then when the paper is hung you will find that the rest of the pattern becomes simply a background to that detail, and you see it repeated round the wall with exactly the same mechanical effect as the bunches of violets or the knots of ribbon. One wants to be especially watchful of this with all wallpapers in which there are birds, because they are so bold and individual that it is very hard to make them part of the design and to prevent them from being seen as separate and detached things.

The first essential to a good design is that it should grow over the whole wall as a single thing. You know that its details are continually repeated, but even when you examine the paper closely it is not easy to find where the repetition comes. It is this natural and harmonious repetition,

without effort, which satisfies the eye. You could lie in bed all day, and many days, and look at such a design, for example, as William Morris's famous "Willow-Bough" paper, and never grow tired of it, in the same way that you could lie and look at a tree through the window. For such a design is a living and a growing thing.

STUDYING such a paper one discovers also that another reason why it is satisfying is that it does not attempt, as do so many wallpapers, to reproduce realistically the living tree. It is a flat pattern covering a flat surface. It does not pretend to be anything else; nor does it attempt to borrow beauty from anything else. Its beauty is its own.

IT is extraordinary what a variety of different things a real artist in wallpapers can subdue to his purpose, making them all part of the design, and making the design itself the principal thing. I have an old French paper which contains a winding tree, stem and leaves, over twenty different flowers, four different birds, two butterflies, and I have never discovered how many different colours. Yet not one of these details stands out from the paper. What one sees, looking round the room, is the grace and beauty of the design. It is not only one of the boldest, but one of the loveliest and gayest papers that I know. M. V.

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MISS NANCY MAY

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. May, whose engagement to Mr. J. W. Sale, son of The Ven. T. R. Sale, Archdeacon of Rochdale, and Mrs. Sale, was recently announced

The Cynic's Corner

NO matter how long a woman has been in the market, she still likes to be quoted at about 25.

* * *

EVEN a dreamer attracts attention—when he snores.

* * *

THERE'S no one so empty as the man who is full of himself.

* * *

BE up and doing—but mind whom you do.

* * *

A WOMAN'S complexion is seldom as bad as it is painted.

* * *

TRUTH lies at the bottom of a well. That is why so many people let well alone.

* * *

A HUSBAND is a means to an end, but a wife is sometimes an end to the means.

* * *

DISCRETION generally means having a good memory for the untruths you've told.

* * *

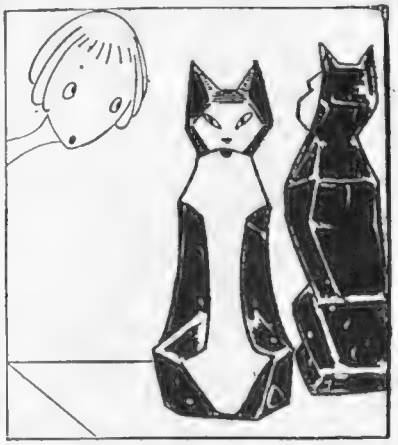
How can a man keep straight when he is trying to make both ends meet?

Pam in Paris

DEAR URSULA, *January 26th*

This cute, white, woolly dog was the lid of a chocolate box. One never knows what to expect these days.

Now that one's make-up is in different colours and shades—in fact, an artist's palette of face powders—I am almost scared to death to find I have forgotten whether the "fuchsie mauve" is for the upper lids and the "orange vermilion" for the ear lobes, or the "violet magenta" is for the ears and the "bronze purple" for the lids



This porcelain "cat vase" with the head for a lid was one of my recent gifts. His back and ears are deep yellow to match the sides, and the rest of him is white. PAMELA

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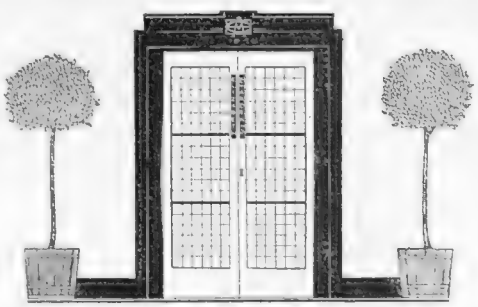

The women who pass through the Arden Doorway

Dainty women—dazzling women—women who walk proud in the consciousness of their beauty. At any hour of the day you may see them leaving the Arden Salon.

What is the secret of their loveliness? An Arden Muscle Strapping and Skin-Toning Treatment! It quickens every flagging tissue, wakens the skin to radiant freshness, and firms the cheeks into round, smooth curves. If you cannot visit the Salon, write Elizabeth Arden about your skin.

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The quality wines of the Empire

MOTOR NOTES

A WINTER SCENE AT RICHMOND

This ingenious setting for a Motor Show was recently set up by The Holbrook Motor Co., the agents for Rover cars, at Hillrise

SCOTTISH motorists are having quite a gala time this week, as not only did the Duke of York open the show on Friday last, but the next night he dined with the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, Lord Weir of Eastwood, the President of the Club, being in the chair. Mr. Thomas Shaw, J.P., President of the Scottish Motor Trade Association, and the members of the Council received the Duke of York and piloted him round the various stands. On the Monday following, January 29, the Scottish Motor Trade Association held their annual dinner at the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, which was attended by the great majority of motor manufacturers, as well as all the North of England agents, to say nothing of those who had come from the South.

* * *

THE variety of motor-cars, motor-carriages, commercial motor vehicles, cycle-cars, motor-bicycles and combinations make this show at the Kelvin Hall even more interesting than at the Olympia. In fact, Mr. David A. Fairly, the secretary, seems to have gathered together for this twenty-first annual exhibition every conceivable type of motor conveyance that the British Isles sells and buys. Let us hope there will be plenty of buyers; for to judge by the crowd on the opening afternoon last Friday, and subsequent days, there are plenty of sight-seers who are all keenly interested, so, perhaps, the percentage of buyers will duly mature. Every stand, with but very few exceptions, like the Arrol-Johnston, Argyll, Albion, and other Scottish manufacturers, contained a variety of different makes and types, as, of course, the manufacturers are displaying their wares through the medium of their authorised dealers in Scotland. For instance, the agent from Perth, Valentine's garage, shows the new 12-14 h.p. Crossley, the 14 h.p. Angus-Sanderson, the 12 h.p. Swift, and the 14 h.p. four-seater Vauxhall—quite a small show in itself. Prosser, of Glasgow, stages a bunch of Wolseleys from 7 h.p. to 20 h.p., five models from two to six-cylinders, with Chevrolets as their *vis-à-vis* on the staging.

* * *

A MIXED bag is on the Rossleigh stand, of Edinburgh, where the 21 h.p. Daimler landaulette is paired off with the 23 h.p. Vauxhall, with a 21 h.p. Daimler six-cylinder landaulette-limousine as the six-cylinder *object d'art*. A 14 h.p. Wolseley touring car, a 14 h.p. Vauxhall tourer, and a 12 h.p. four-seater B.S.A. touring car are there to tempt those with great desires but small purses. As for the President, Thomas Shaw of Dundee, on his stand the 14 h.p. Sunbeam flanks the Wolseley "fifteen" limousine-landaulette to tempt the Scotchman with money to spend, while the Charron-Laycock and the Calcott 10 h.p.'s, the former as a coupé and the latter as an open two-seater, add to the variety of choice. Mr. Inglis has two big Napier carriages, one with the 12 ft. wheelbase, with a wonderful Pullman body, while Alexanders, of Edinburgh, show Beans, Vauxhalls, Talbot-Darracq, and Calthorpe. Why not the Ford I know not, though it was their stepping-stone to fortune. But Henry is so independent these days that, perhaps, he likes to be out of shows, and trusts to price to give him custom.

* * *

LOOKING over a large number of cars of different makes at the Show I noticed that the number of gadgets to which the electrical battery is asked to supply energy is fast increasing. Already the accumulators fitted on cars have not sufficient ampère capacity to do all that is asked of them nowadays in regard to lighting and starting. Now, if you please, they are asked to supply the current to work the "road clearer" squawk, dashboard and inspection lamps, a spot light, a carburettor flooder, cigar lighters, internal carriage lights, a foot-warmer (sometimes), besides their regular job of the side, head, tail lights and the engine-starter.

OLD HY.

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£50 REWARD

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PHOTOGRAPHY has become an art to itself, even rivalling the etcher's needle and the painter's brush, but till now it has practically ignored humour. Is this really so? The Editor wishes to know, and is prepared to offer a cheque for Fifty Pounds for the photograph which, in his opinion, most truly pictures a spirit of fun.

Fill in the entry form on page IV of this issue and paste it on the back of your photograph. Any number of pictures may be submitted, but each must have the coupon pasted on the back of it.

Photographs must be addressed to The Editor, "The Bystander," Graphic Buildings, London, E.C.4, in envelopes marked Photographic Competition in the left top corner. They must not be rolled, and should be carefully sealed to avoid postal accidents. They must reach us by *February 1st, 1923.*

The decision of the Editor will be final, and the full copyright and negative of the winning picture will become the property of "The Bystander." The Editor reserves the right to publish any photograph sent in at the usual rate of payment.

THE
BYSTANDER

No. 1,000.—Vol. LXXVII. Wednesday, January 31, 1923 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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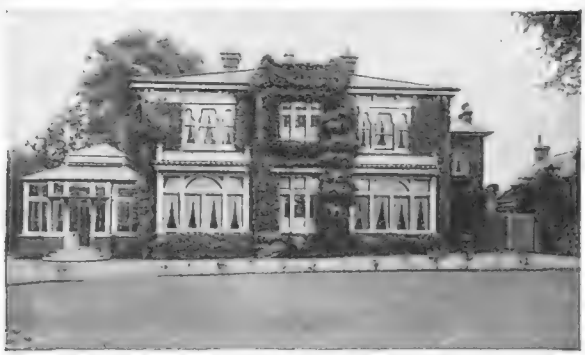

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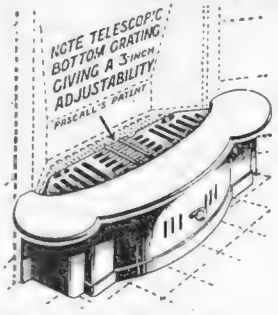

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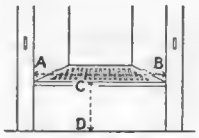

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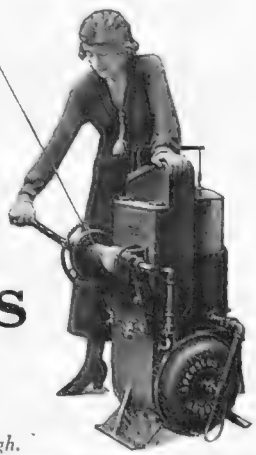

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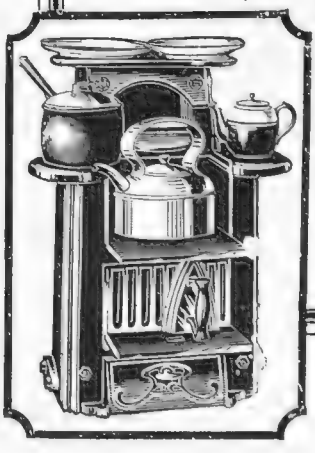

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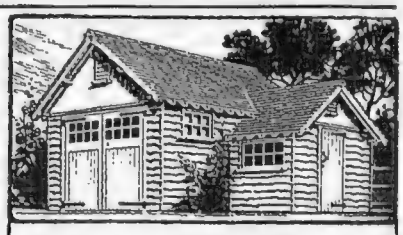

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(*Full particulars on page 288*)

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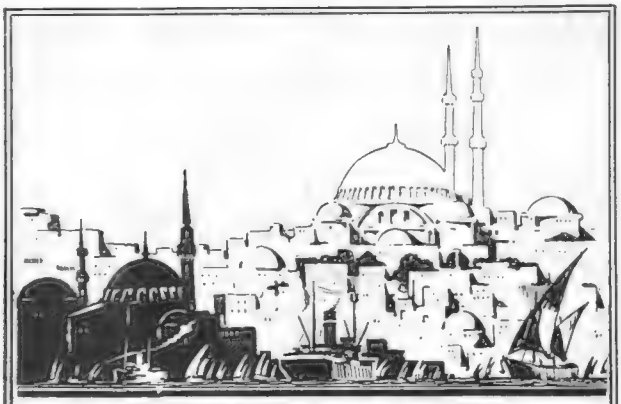

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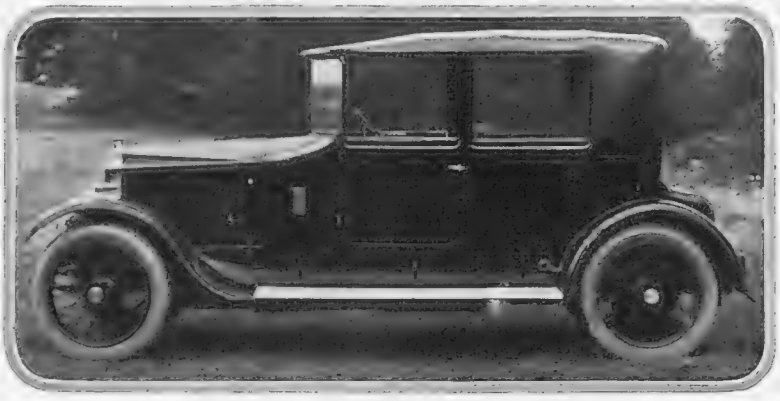

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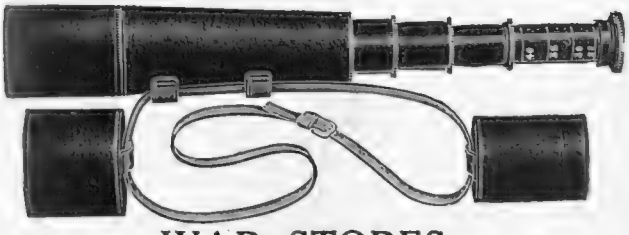

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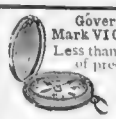

Government Mark VI Compasses
Less than one-third of pre-war price.
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AITCHISON & Co., Ltd.
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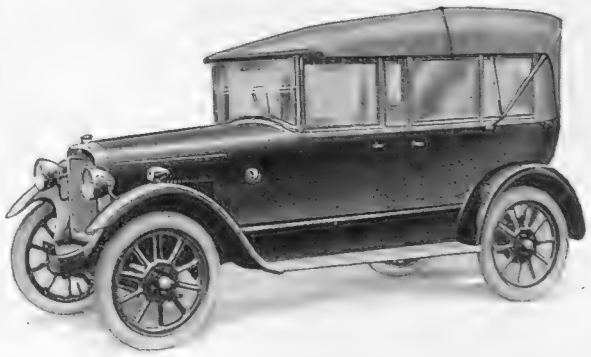

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If you are not familiar with the Overland—its reliability—the secret of the remarkable riding comfort, and the records of petrol and oil consumption; and if you require a smart looking and serviceable car that will give lasting service with lasting economy; a personal inspection of the British-Built Overland will be well worth while.

Send to-day for descriptive literature and arrange for a trial run.

BRITISH BUILT
ALL WEATHER
TOURING CAR
£365

British Built All-Weather Touring Car £365. British Built 2/3 seater, with double dickey £350. Sedan £395. Three-quarter Landaulet £495. All-Weather (Beatonson) £465. Standard Touring Car £268. Ex Works.

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Factory and Sales Department:
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Columbia Records

This month's New Issues include epoch-making records by:

Sir HENRY J. WOOD
and New Queen's Hall Orchestra (Proprs.: Chappell & Co., Ltd.) in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" —Overture.

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Conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, in his work, "THE PLANETS—JUPITER"

The LENER (String) QUARTET
in exquisite Chamber Music.

ELSA STRALIA
BRATZA (Violin)
and other Master Musicians. Descriptive List post free.

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NEWEST DANCE MUSIC
includes the latest successes of the Savoy Havana Band at the Savoy Hotel, London. Complete list of over 100 Dance Records Now Ready.

Columbia - the gramophone for a Lifetime of Music

No. 27
£40

TO-DAY it is unnecessary to plead the cause of the gramophone—every home either has or knows it should have one for music and entertainment. To-day's question is—WHICH? The answer lies in the Columbia Grafonola—the most perfect of all gramophones, and the one with the wonderful motor that ensures a lifetime of service. When buying a gramophone, look at the Columbia motor and compare.

THE COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA is made in various artistic styles. Cabinet models as illustrated up to £65. Above is shown Columbia No. 27 model, typical of Columbia values. Solid mahogany, beautifully finished, fitted Triple-Spring Motor Unit. Height, 42 ins., width, 18½ ins. An incomparable musical instrument.

Columbia Grafonola

On sale at all Stores and Music-Sellers. Illustrated Catalogues of Instruments and Records post free, on application to COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

NEW SPRING
COAT FROCKS
AT
MODERATE PRICES

PERFECTLY cut and tailored and made from materials that we can guarantee to give satisfaction in wear. These Coat Frocks are exclusive in design and will be found in our Inexpensive Gown Department

SMART COAT FROCK in fine quality gabardine, vest, cuffs, belt and skirt side panel becomingly finished with braid on silk of contrasting colour. In Navy and Black.

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Jay HAT

The PENTLAND Model

The adaptable brim of this country hat in stitched fur-felt enables you to shape it so that it suits just you. Wear it all the afternoon in the rain, and it will still be as good as new. In all sizes and the following colours:—Fawn, camel, wheat, squirrel, nigger, beaver, nutmeg, gold, elephant, white and black. Price 50/-

Jay Hats are distinguished by a small label inside—the picture of a jay. The best milliners everywhere have a Jay Hat to suit you.

JAY HATS—the essence of refinement.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining a Jay Hat, write direct to

VICTOR JAY & CO.
12 Wood Street, E.C.2

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Demise of the Sales

In pursuance of their usual custom, the sales have made their exit in a flare of final reductions. You may not get the pick of the bargains during the last days of a clearance, but you do get bargains of a truly amazing character.

At Harvey Nichols, where a great rebuilding scheme is on hand, the reductions were unprecedented, and the wise seized the opportunity of laying in lengths of spunella at prices never before encountered, together with a lot of fancy wool materials in the way of checked and striped tweeds, French wool armure and the like, at less than the cost of production. It is, of course, in no way surprising to learn how the rapid growth of business at this Knightsbridge house during the last few years has absolutely necessitated an extension of premises.

THE VOGUE OF THE APRON TABLIER

In a gown of black chiffon velvet, the tablier comes direct from the right shoulder, the folds being caught lightly at the waist

Novel Draperies

The feeling for full front draperies is growing apace. Sometimes these take the guise of dipping godet folds, and at others the draperies are hitched up in front, or else folded back to show a simulated petticoat. Then there is the apron *tablier*, perhaps the most elegant of all, and one charmingly exemplified in the adjoined model. This gown is effected in black chiffon velvet, the *tablier* coming direct from the right hand shoulder, the folds caught lightly to the figure by a belt of strass, which disappears beneath a great hand-made rose of the velvet.

Arranged in similar manner, there was seen a white chiffon velvet, the loose drapery lined with pale green, a green silk rose being pinned low down at one side. Green, by the way, in delicate and deep tones, is making a big bid for favour, and there is a decided crusade out against brown. But the latter will be difficult to oust, since it is not only particularly wide in its range, but is universally becoming, and also so easy to match up in the minor details of shoes, stockings, and gloves.

Spring Modes for Young Folk

The taste in the dressing of girls in their teens has been on the upward trend for some years now. It is an admittedly tiresome phase, more especially the nearer it gets to sixteen and seventeen years, because the difference in development then is so great.

Anyway, here are two early spring suggestions that appeal as moderately adaptable, the figure to the left wearing a coat, the upper part of which is a fancy-patterned wool material in tones of *beige*, to which is matched the lower half in plain cloth. Although planned on the most approved wrap-coat lines, and, consequently, easy to get in and out of, this might conceivably be mistaken for skirt and short coat, and would, in any case, make an ideal mid-season possession for girls from fifteen years upwards.

Similarly of two materials is the frock, a style that could be carried out in a host of materials. Plaids arise with perennial freshness every spring, and the one pictured might be in shades of light and dark brown overchecked in dark blue, the latter *nuance* picked up in serge, cloth, or velvet as occasion demands. This is a delightful little upper part, with its rounded neck and pocket flaps, under cover of which a useful and practical pocket is concealed.

TWO SPRING SUGGESTIONS

An ideal mid-season creation on the left, gives a charming coat and skirt effect. The plaid skirt on the right is in shades of light and dark brown, overchecked in dark blue

Complete Conviction

A short while ago I had occasion to visit Miss Craig, the active spirit ruling over The Solray treatment, 15, Hanover Street, W., and I have again had the pleasure of a talk with this clever lady over the extraordinary discovery whereby the most desperate cases of hirsute growth are painlessly and permanently cured.

Miss Craig is the first who has confidently undertaken absolutely hopeless cases, cases that electrolysis would have given the sufferers long-drawn-out and

excruciating pain, and for which depilatories would have been worse than useless. And why suffer in any case when it merely means sitting in a comfortable lounge chair and having these light rays played upon the part affected without the least feeling of discomfort? Which, of course, in itself is simply amazing, and apart from the assured efficacy of The Solray Treatment, the work is worthy to rank among the greatest scientific discoveries of the day.

Vitamins Again

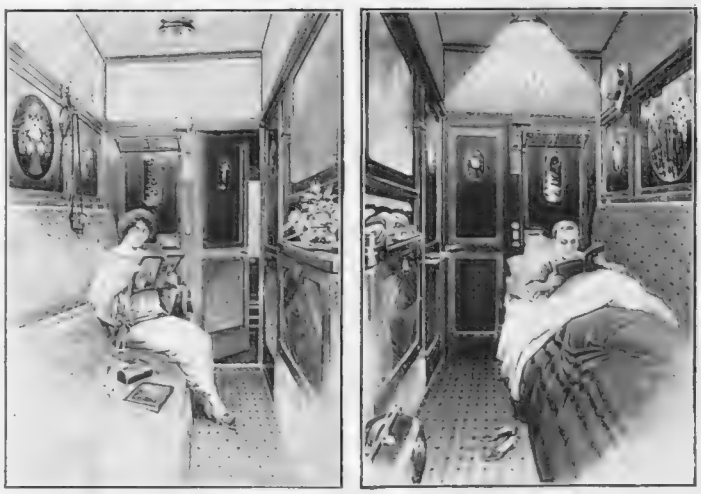
The vexed question of Vitamins is one of the many on which medical opinion is at variance. But from recent authoritative statements it appears that three facts at any rate are established, viz., the need for three vitamins — fat-soluble A (which promotes growth and prevents rickets), water-soluble B (which is anti-neuritic), and the anti-scorbutic C, a preventive of scurvy. All these constituents have been shown by analysis to be present, in the requisite quantities, in the jelly and red bone marrow as well as the egg-yolk, which go to make up "Roboleine," the new preparation which has been described by the British Medical Journal as "a perfect food for brain, muscle and bone."

Our Hospitals

The many benefits which the Royal Free and the London Hospitals are giving to thousands of pitiful cases yearly, have made a direct appeal to the public's tender hearts—and generous pockets. Among the many facilities that these hospitals extend, may be mentioned the Acousticon appliance for deafness — a marvel of modern applied science in its aid to hearing and in the neat attachment which renders it practically invisible.

Lord Dartmouth's House

The news that 37, Charles Street, Lord Dartmouth's fine house, just out of Berkeley Square, has been secured by a well-known Society hostess for her own occupation, has come as a relief to dwellers in Mayfair. The announcement by hoards and in the Press that this freehold, on which Lord Dartmouth has expended so much, was in the market for commercial purposes, and had been secured for a dance club, a fashionable dressmaker, a cinema studio — (if rumour be believed it was a hundred things at once) — has proved, as usual, to be false. We understand that Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of 20, St. James' Square, acted for the purchaser, who is now busily engaged in making the necessary alterations for occupation in the Spring.



TRAVEL DE LUXE

Our two sketches show the magnificent compartments on the new "Blue-and-Gold" Paris-Mediterranean express—by day and by night. The train, which runs direct from Calais to the Italian Riviera through Marseilles, is composed entirely of sleeping and restaurant cars—built by a British firm, it is good to note, the International Express Trains Company, of 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.1

Every Motoring Need Met for £400

YOU want a car you will be proud to own, a car that will give supreme comfort, lasting service, and run with remarkable economy. Every requirement is met in the super efficient 10.12 h.p. Straker-Squire. Here are some of its features:

2½ to 55 miles an hour on top gear; 30-35 miles per gallon; 10,000 miles on tyres. Overhead Valve Engine, 4-speed gear-box. Brooklands Test Hill on 2nd gear with 4 passengers in 15 seconds. Five 760 x 90 mm. Wheels and Tyres. 12-Volt Lighting and Starting Set. Magneto Ignition. 5 Lamps. Spring Gaiters. Speedometer. Clock. 2 Horns. Petrol and Oil Pressure Gauges. Exagun System of chassis Lubrication. Four-seater Body (4 doors). All-weather Curtains.

FOUR SEATER complete £400

OTHER MODELS:

15-20 h.p. chassis	£540
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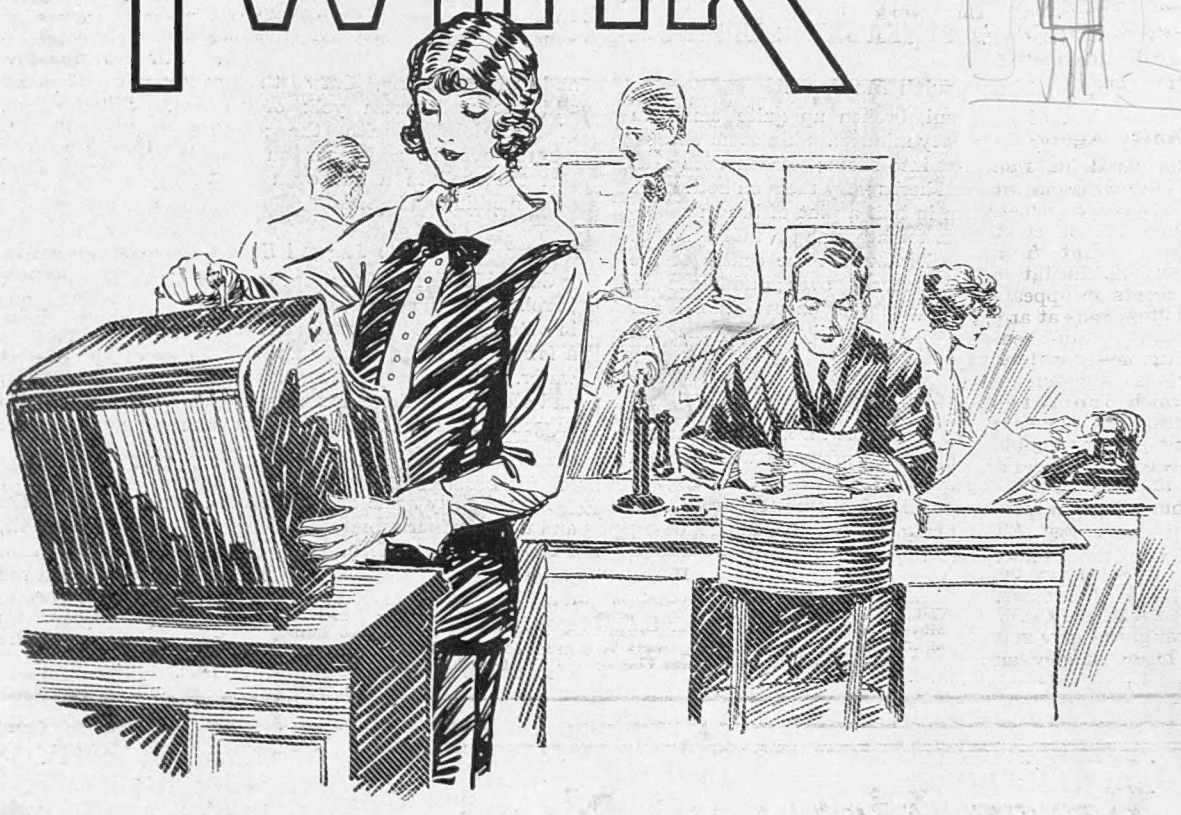
24-80 h.p 6 cylinder chassis	£850
24-80 h.p. 2 or 4 seater complete	£1,150

Straker Squire

STRAKER-SQUIRE, Ltd., Angel Road, Edmonton, London, N.18.

Telephone: Tottenham 2393. *Telegrams: Rhomboidel, Tottlane, London.*

Twink



Individuality—in Business.

HER office frocks were always in good taste—as neat and business-like as her methods, yet they possessed a distinctive, cheery smartness. The men didn't consider the why and wherefore; they just voted her smart. Her fellow typists didn't ask her for patterns—they began to study the colours which suited them!

Follow the fashion in style by all means, but wear the colours that give you individuality. Dye your frocks and frills; there are twenty-four shades of Twink, and your shades are there. Follow the directions carefully, and delightful results are certain.

PRICE 7½D. PER PACKET

Of all Chemists, Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

TWINK is made in the following 24 beautiful shades:—

Navy Blue	*Salmon Pink*	*Wine*	*Tangerine*
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Saxe Blue	*Grass Green*	*Grey*	*Rust Red*
Pale Blue	*Jade Green*	*Black*	*Pillar Box Red*
Royal Blue	*Reseda*	*Daffodil Yellow*	*Nigger Brown*
Shell Pink	*Lilac*	*Old Gold*	*Tabac Brown*

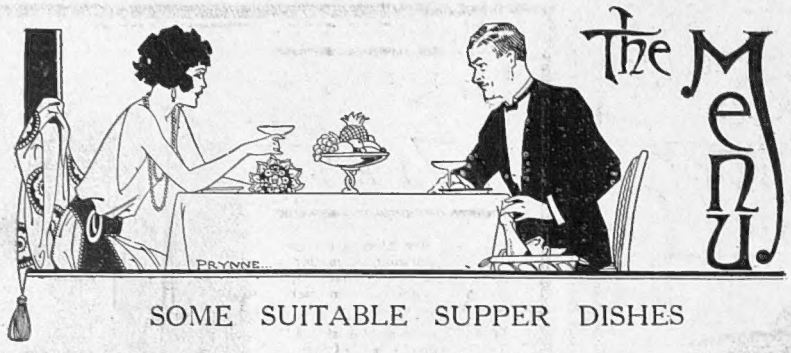
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE TWINK DANCE MUSIC?

Comprising the latest Fox-Trot and Waltz, together with an excellent Parade March.

Price **6d.** per copy; post free **7½d.**
(*Orchestral parts loaned on request.*)

May be obtained from Lever Brothers Limited ADV/O Dept., Lever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.



SOME SUITABLE SUPPER DISHES

Kidneys with Macaroni

Cook 4 ozs. of macaroni, broken up quite small, in boiling water for twenty minutes. Skin some sheeps' or lambs' kidneys and cut into slices; season with salt, cayenne, and finely-minced herbs; fry them on both sides in butter, then stew them in half a pint of brown sauce, nicely flavoured with fresh tomatoes and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Dish up in the centre of the macaroni with the sauce poured over; add pepper, salt, and some grated Parmesan cheese—the latter sprinkled over and browned slightly under the gas deflector—and serve at once.

Game Soufflés

Put 4 ozs. of any cold cooked game through the mincing machine, and mix with a panade prepared with one gill of brown sauce made from the bones and trimmings of the game, a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and two eggs. Have ready some little soufflé cases, fill with the mixture, and bake for fifteen minutes. To make the panade: put ½ oz. of butter into a pan with a gill of milk, water or stock, and bring it to the boil. Then add ½ oz. of flour, and stir it all together over the fire till it is thick enough to roll into a ball. This is to be mixed with the minced game.

Gratin of Lobster

Cut a good-sized lobster in half, and pick out all the meat, which must be cut into thin slices. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a saucepan with three shallots finely minced. Brown them lightly, then mix in a tablespoonful of flour, and when quite smooth, add half a pint of milk. Simmer for five minutes. Put in the sliced lobster, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little salt and cayenne, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Stir over the fire, and, when boiling, draw the saucepan back, and add the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Fill the shell of the lobster with the mixture, sprinkle breadcrumbs over it, and pour on a little clarified butter. Put the shell in a hot oven for twenty minutes, dish on a napkin, and serve.

Jugged Steak

Cut a piece of beefsteak into square pieces thin enough to roll round the finger, pile the rolls one above the other in a stone jar, add two whole onions, one glass of port wine, a few peppercorns, pepper and salt to taste, but add no water. Cover the jar close, insert it into boiling water, and stew about three hours until tender. This resembles jugged hare, and should be served with red currant jelly.

Fricasseed Cutlets

Flour lightly some mutton cutlets. Fry a sliced onion and three or four tomatoes seasoned with pepper and salt, then put in the cutlets and fry till brown. Remove them, place in a casserole dish, thicken the gravy in which the onions and cutlets have been fried, add half a pint of stock and cook in the casserole for half an hour. A little macaroni or spaghetti cooked separately and added to the dish before serving is an improvement.

EMILIA

A NEW PERFUMED VELVETY CREAM FOR REMOVING HAIR.

Throw away your scraping razors and evil-smelling, irritating depilatories. A razor only makes the hair grow thicker and faster, while ordinary depilatories cause painful irritation and have a most offensive odour. Veet will not stimulate hair growth, does not irritate the skin, and has no offensive odour. It is perfectly harmless. Just spread Veet on as it comes from the tube wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned.

3/6 at all Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

VEET

For Removing Superfluous Hair

Hindes

HAIR TINT, FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs **2/6 the Flask.** Chemists & Stores everywhere, or direct—

HINDES LTD., 1, Tabernacle St., City, London.

Tel: 25 Broxbourne

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SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST **BURGLARS** for **LADIES' GUARDS**

From 10 Gns. PUPS 5 Gns.

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16 Days' ALGERIAN Motor Tour, visiting the Saharan Oases and KABYLIE **£42 10 0**

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Independent Exclusive Travel Arranged.

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LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER AND PARR'S BANK, LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the Company will be held at the Head Office, 41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2, on Thursday, the 1st day of February, 1923, at half-past twelve o'clock in the afternoon precisely, for the consideration of the Accounts and Balance Sheet, and the Directors' Report for the year ended the 31st December last; for the election of Directors; for the appointment of Auditors and fixing their remuneration; and for the transaction of all such other business as can be transacted at Ordinary General Meetings of the Company.

By Order of the Board
F. Mytton, Secretary.

41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2.
24th January, 1923.

Note.—The Transfer Books were closed on the 1st instant, for that day only, for the preparation of the Dividends payable 1st February, 1923.

Proprietors registered in the Books of the Company on the 30th December, 1922, will be entitled to the Dividend on the number of shares then standing in their respective names.

LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER AND PARR'S BANK, LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that an Extraordinary General Meeting of the above Company will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, 41, Lothbury, London, E.C., on Thursday, the 1st day of February, 1923, at 12.45 p.m., or so soon thereafter as the business of the Ordinary General Meeting of the Company convened for the same date shall have been concluded, when the following Resolution will be submitted as an Extraordinary Resolution:

"Resolved that the name of the Company be and is hereby changed to 'Westminster Bank, Limited.'"

Should the above Resolution be passed by the requisite majority it will be submitted for confirmation as a Special Resolution to a further Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company, which will be held at the same place on Friday, the 16th day of February, 1923, at 1 o'clock p.m.

By Order of the Board,
F. Mytton, Secretary.

41, Lothbury, London, E.C.2,
24th January, 1923.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART HATS FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

Pedal Hat *having rolled up brim with soft edge of crêpe de Chine and quills at side. In Black, Navy, or Brown.* PRICE **70/-**

Note: This Hat will be found in our Model Millinery Department on the First Floor.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE TAILORED SHIRTS

This attractive Shirt is cut on full and becoming lines, perfectly tailored and made by our own workers from rich quality crepe de Chine.

TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch) in rich quality crepe de Chine: the Peter Pan collar and cuffs are trimmed with narrow kilting and fastening with link buttons, finished groups of tucks at back and front. In sizes 13 to 14½ inches.

PRICE **42/-**

In size 15 2/- extra. Customer's own monogram can be embroidered on this shirt for 5/- extra if desired

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Price **4/3** per pair.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.

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Permanent Cure guaranteed

Consultations invited without any obligation

BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD THE WONDERFUL SOLRAY TREATMENT PAINLESSLY AND PERMANENTLY DESTROYS ANY HAIR GROWTH

WITHOUT LEAVING THE SLIGHTEST TRACE

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CAMI-KNICKERS

At Special Prices

WE have designed and made in our own workrooms a number of inexpensive and attractive crepe de Chine Cami-Knickers, similar to the one illustrated, which can be sent on approval.

INEXPENSIVE CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch) in good quality crepe de Chine made by our own workers, trimmed with fine lace connected with hand veining embroidered on bodice and knickers leg. Finished with small tucks at waist. In Ivory, Pink, Lemon, Sky, Mauve.

PRICE **29/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

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HAIR——

always neat and tidy

All users of Anzora know how easily and efficiently it keeps their hair in place throughout the day. No matter how unruly and troublesome hair may be, Anzora will surely control it. Cream for greasy scalps and Viola for dry scalps. Sold everywhere in **1/6** and **2/6** (double quantity) bottles. Refuse all substitutes.

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Masters the Hair

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